Jan. 1, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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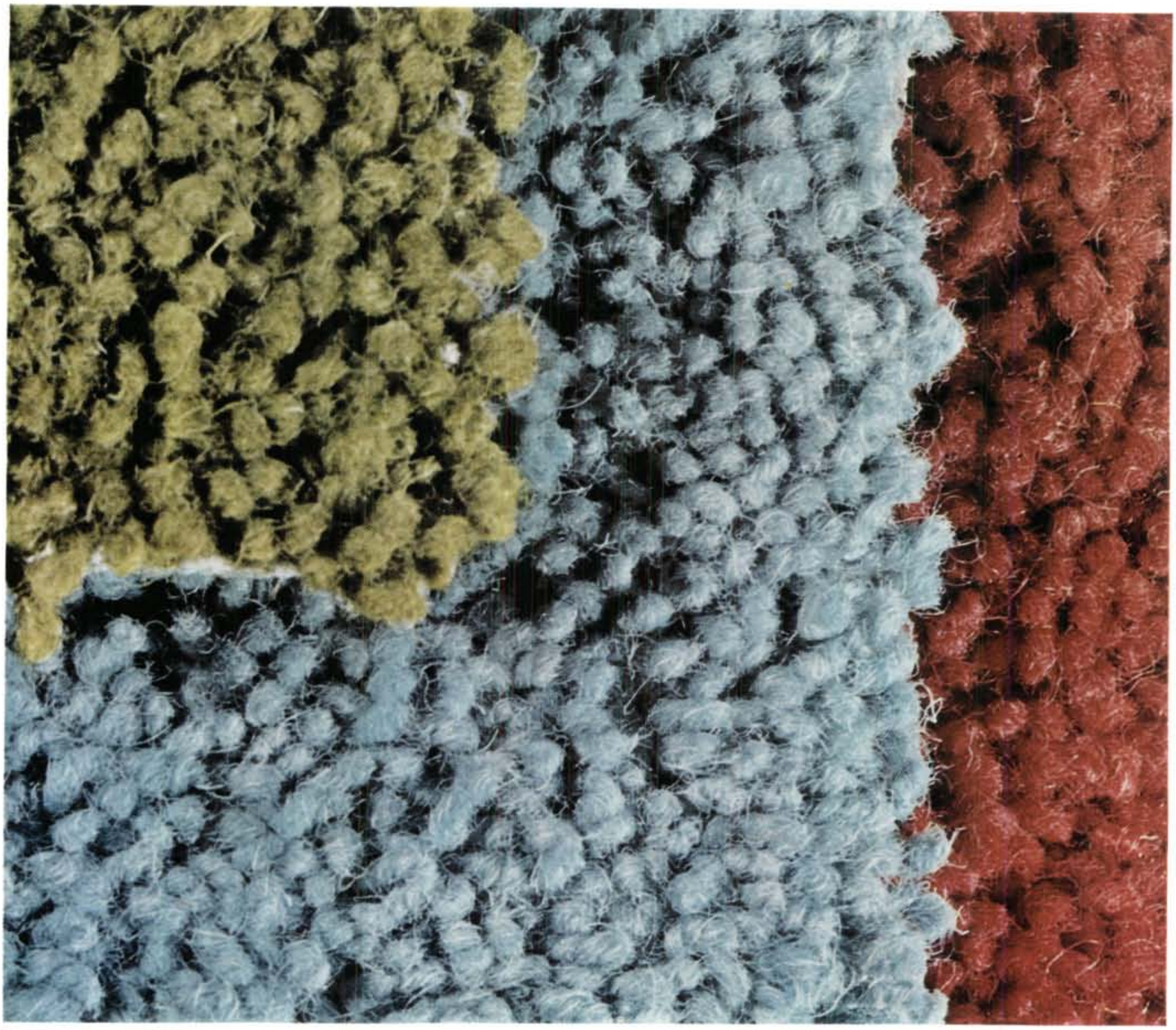

Why Crossley-Karastan came to the new Nova Scotia

Leading British and United States firms have combined to set up a carpet plant in Nova Scotia—John F. Crossley & Sons Ltd., world-wide suppliers of luxury floor coverings, and Karastan Carpet Mills Ltd., a division of Fieldcrest Inc. of North Carolina, makers of fine textile products.

With the financial assistance of Industrial Estates Limited, the province's industrial development corporation, a million dollar manufacturing plant now is in production at Truro.

Why did Crossley-Karastan choose Nova Scotia?

Chiefly because of the province's favourable economic climate. Over the past five years, Nova Scotia made the largest gain of all Canadian provinces in manufacturing shipments. Truro, centrally located with a trans-continental rail depot, was a logical choice for the plant site. Near to air and shipping centres, it was already textile oriented. It has a long record of labour stability and possesses maintenance and repair facilities for complex machinery. Crossley wanted to give direct service to its largest overseas customer—Canada.

Crossley-Karastan is the latest addition to Nova Scotia's thriving textile industry, with roots in the ancient craft of the rug-weavers of Cheticamp.

Endowed with a capacity for hard work and adaptability, Nova Scotians, through trade schools and technical colleges, are quickly learning new skills.

Besides a skilled labour force, there are many other advantages to setting up new or branch plant operations in Canada's area of achievement: proximity to domestic and foreign markets, excellent research facilities, good labour-management relations, financial and technical assistance. For information on any or all of these, write the Department of Trade and Industry, Halifax, or any of the undermentioned Information Offices.

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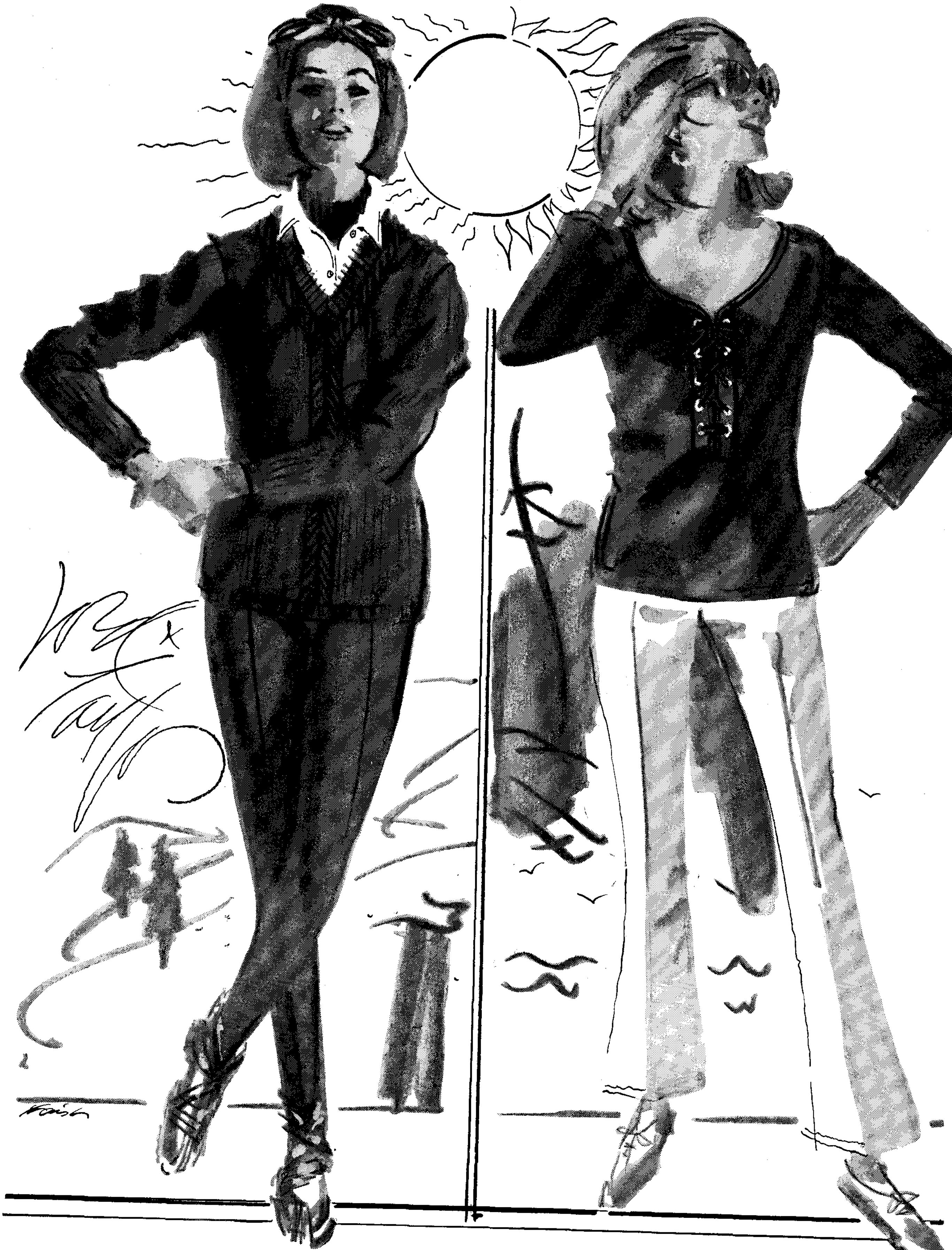

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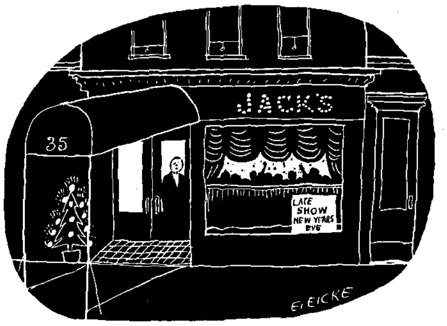
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN


JACK'S
35
LATE SHOW NEW YEARS EVE
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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, having a splendid time in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devils—John Whiting's unsatisfactory dramatization of Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun," in which Jason Robards, Anne Bancroft, and, indeed, all the others on view function to no purpose as early-eighteenth-century types caught up in a case of alleged sorcery. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—A marathon monologue makes up the bulk of this drama by John Osborne, which describes the disintegration of a solicitor who has no respect for his law or for himself. Hard going, but occasionally relieved by the performances of Nicol Williamson, as the lawyer, and Madeleine Sherwood and Ted van Griethuysen, who portray assorted other characters. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Playroom—Five adolescent brats are involved in a kidnapping plot in this melodrama, which is too dishevelled to be entirely successful as a thriller but has alarming moments nevertheless. Joseph Anthony directed Mary Drayton's play, which is sometimes too shrill for comfort. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—A low-keyed but reasonably satisfying drama about some carnal carryings-on in Victorian London. Michael Dyne has written a well-tailored play, and the acting of the company, in which Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel figure prominently, is serviceable. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's Conquest of Peru, in which Christopher Plummer and David Carradine lead a first-rate cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the play, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik having a fine time in South Africa as a Jewish grandfather who likes to go adventuring with a native pal (Louis Gossett) in Johannesburg and its environs. An insubstantial bit of business, put together by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon. The piece is enlivened by Harold Rome's incidental music. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—any wednesday: Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** About a clutch of middleclass Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade—Peter Weiss's London play performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company. Ian Richardson and Patrick Magee head the cast, directed by Peter Brook. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—Julie Harris is appealing as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—fiddler on the roof: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Mimi Hines has just replaced Barbra Streisand as Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **golden boy:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Tearsheet. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

UTBU—Tony Randall, Thelma Ritter, and Alan Webb in a comedy by James Kirkwood. Directed by Nancy Walker. Previews through Monday, Jan. 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-

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Page
THE ART GALLERIES 52
THE CURRENT CINEMA 46
LETTER FROM LONDON 56
LETTER FROM PARIS 61

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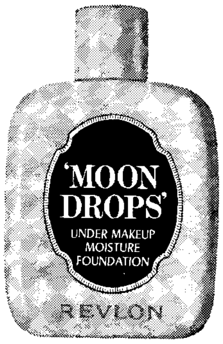

'Moon Drops' Under Makeup Moisture Foundation by Revlon

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY: Final performances of a three-week holiday revival of **OKLAHOMA!**, with John Davidson, Susan Watson, Karen Morrow, Richard France, Ruth Kobart, Sammy Smith, and Jules Munshin. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1 and 5:30. . . . **ANTONIO AND THE BALLETS DE MADRID:** A company of seventy-five flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists, with an orchestra. Presented by S. Hurok for a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Jan. 4, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 16. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

REPERTORY THEATER OF LINCOLN CENTER—The company's second offering is William Wycherley's Restoration comedy **THE COUNTRY WIFE.** (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—Final performances of a season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, at 8:40: **IOLANTHE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 4 and 8:40: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 2, at 4 and 8: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

BUGS and **VERONICA**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AN EVENING'S FROST—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

FRIENDS and **ENEMIES**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. Special performance New Year's Eve at 11:30.)

HAPPY ENDING and **DAY OF ABSENCE**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, does well by both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A good play, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. After Saturday, Jan. 1, no performances until Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, when the show will reopen at the East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St., UN 1-2288.)

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THE KNACK—Ann Jellicoe's farce has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MEDEA—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE BERNARD SHAW STORY—A one-man show arranged and acted by Bramwell Fletcher. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WHITE DEVIL—Eric Berry, Robert Burr, and Carrie Nye in John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama. Directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—A twenty-four-day engagement of **THE NUTCRACKER.** (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2:15; Friday, Dec. 31, at 8:15; Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Jan. 2, at 12:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 4-7, at 5:15; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Jan. 16. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

BERTRAM ROSS—With his company, in the first of two programs of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

SALZBURG MARIONETTE THEATRE—Final performances of a two-week engagement of two operas and an opera-and-ballet program. **DON GIOVANNI:** Thursday, Dec. 30; Sunday, Jan. 2; Tuesday, Jan. 4; Thursday, Jan. 6; and Saturday, Jan. 8, all at 8:30. . . . **HIGHLIGHTS:** Friday, Dec. 31, at 8:30, and Thursday, Jan. 6, at 5:30. . . . **THE MAGIC FLUTE:** Saturday, Jan. 1, and Monday, Jan. 3, both at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8:30; and Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The dance music contributed to the well-being of the Royal Box is ingeniously constructed by the orchestra of Lee Evans, and there is lots of it. At dinner and supper, there are songs by a new-to-us-all soprano named simply Marlene, and there is conversation by someone named Jack Carter. New Year's Eve, music all the time, but just one show, at quarter past twelve. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The indoor sport of dancing (in its mildest form) can be pursued in the restaurant, which is sort of stately. George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the room from eight until nine, then breaks into dance tunes. No music Mondays.

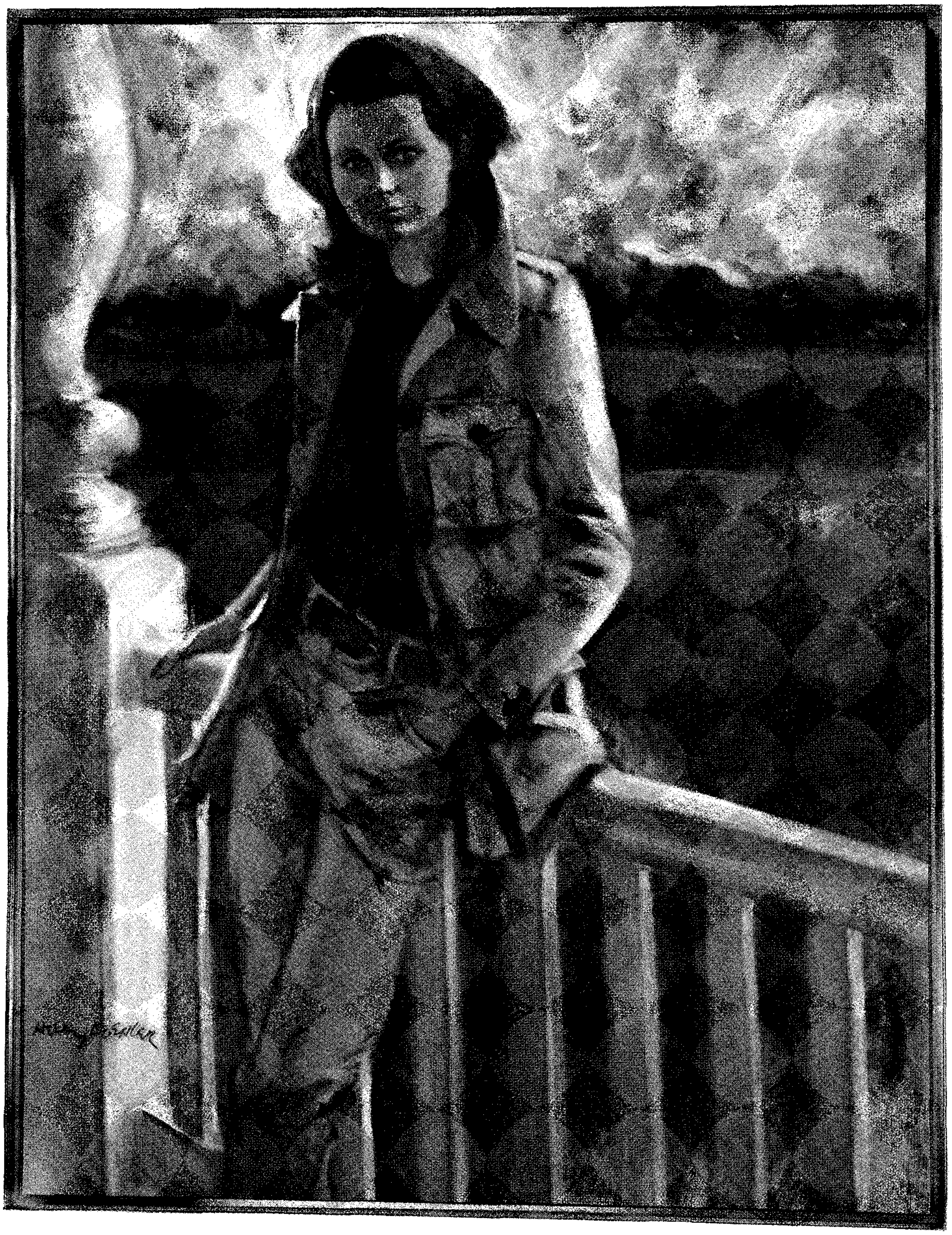
EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of our thirteen original colonies to be restored to the British flag. The double life that this situation leads to is helped along—in the throne room—by a bunch of unceasing bandsmen; in the Champagne Room, the music (by Ernest Schoen's Viennese trio) is solely for dreaming. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand with the real New York beat every night of the week. Yvette Souviron, who fills in the interludes with ballad and piano, takes Mondays off.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Barbara McNair, living proof of the old Irving Berlin theorem that a pretty girl is like a melody, has the floor of the Persian Room at dinner and supper. She and her arias are flanked by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather frolickers and Burt Farber's steady-going orchestra, who are on hand all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo Le Fleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ The light that begins at eight to play on the statuary of the Palm Court is royal purple—perfectly appropriate to the palace it becomes, a palace with the courtly violin of Gunnar Hansen and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A tiny village high in the Pyrénées, but equipped with a number of modern conveniences. Remote control brings music to the cocktail lounge; the music itself (a heated argument in favor of dancing, by the horn and quartet of the life-giving Jonah Jones) appears in person from eight to one-thirty in the dining room, which has a minute floor. On Monday, Jan. 3, a change of sound: a quartet ennobled by Bobby Hackett takes over. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-



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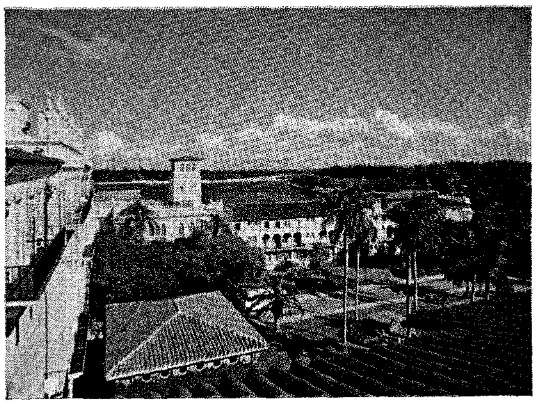

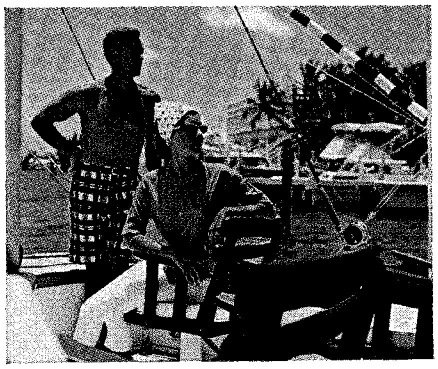

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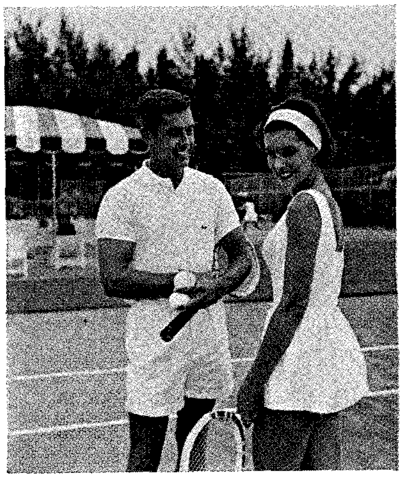

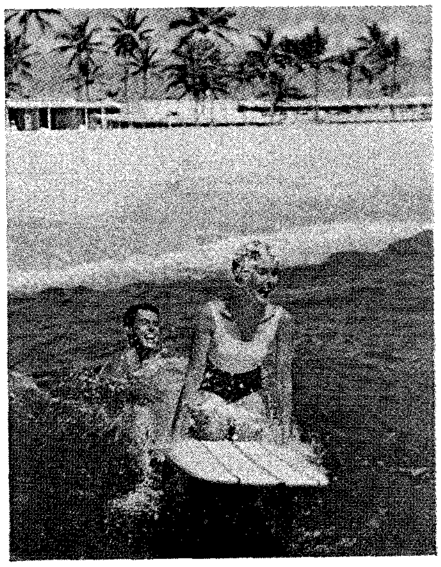

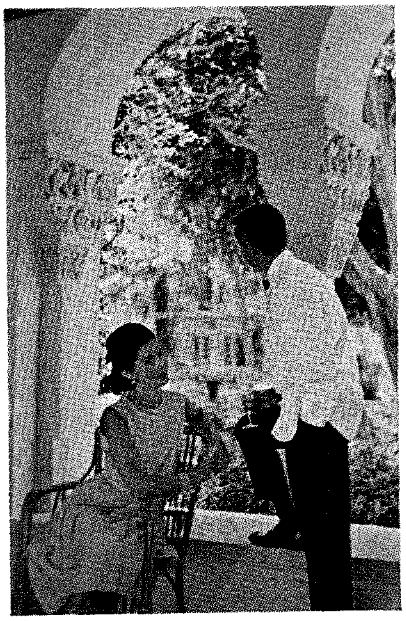

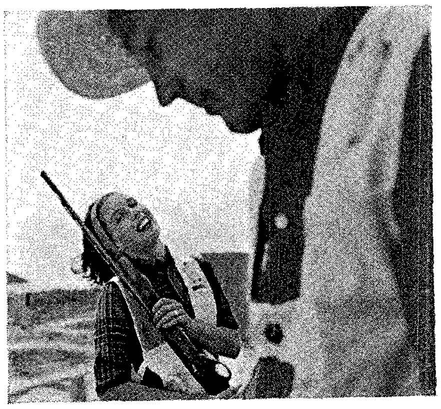

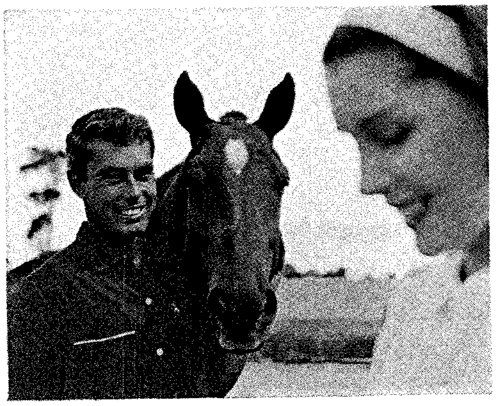

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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2444)—The mines from which the rich ore of the Glenn Miller orchestrations came are still being worked by a replica of his old band, now in the hands of Ray McKinley. It is an appropriate decoration for the town's leading Big Band stand, which is ornately decorated enough as it is. The Millers move out on Wednesday, Jan. 5, but Lionel Hampton's jocose crew is due next evening. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians will exercise their franchise on the Grill by making a one-night appearance on New Year's Eve, from ten until three.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Urban renewal has set the Maisonette aflame with imported scenery that is tempered by row upon row of bookshelves—Thackeray, Carlyle, and the Walpoles. American life goes on as before, though, to the tune, or tunes, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The course of events in Peacock Alley calls for Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week (except Mondays), and from five to eleven on Sundays. The little dance band, which operates from nine to one, takes Sundays off; on New Year's Eve, it will not go off duty until three.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. All sports but the Twist and its offspring are permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

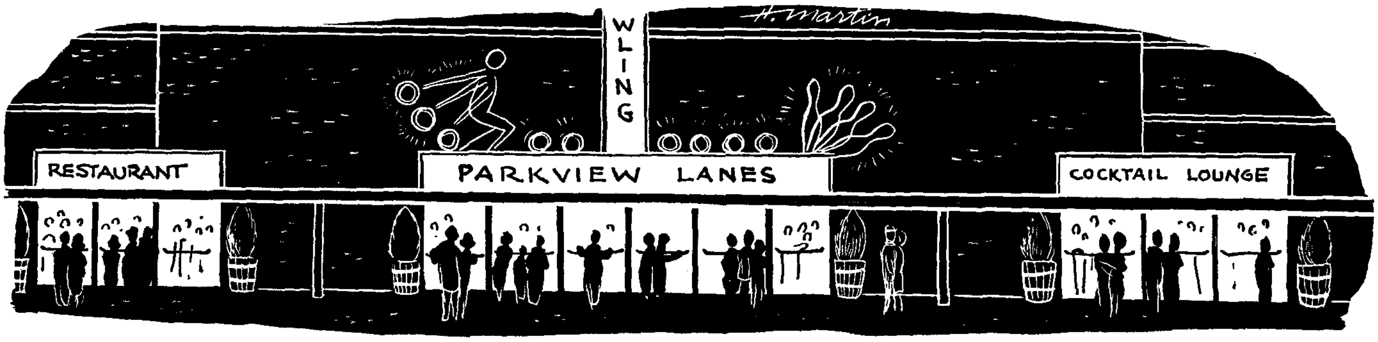
goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Italian, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **frey's,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain and piano are wintering this season in a pub that houses a fair quota of *jeunesse dorée* in a *jeunesse* (or even *je-ne-sais-quoi*) state of bliss. He is a late starter, a late finisher. No music Sundays. . . . **hugh shannon's,** on the second floor of L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): A voice that has been heard halfway round the world, from Bricktop's in Rome to this and that West Indie; i. e., Mr. Shannon, King of the Road. He has a dandy song about this particular character, and plenty of other ballads, too, with piano to boot. Not before ten, and very likely until three. Sundays are dark. A menu exists, but not lavishly. . . . **mike malkan's,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): The Kingdom of Lilliput in a garrulous mood, full of young'uns on their best behavior. While they gabble, Mr. Malkan, *padrone*, plays rumbling piano. Seven until almost daybreak is the scheme. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The awful truth about love, put in the kindliest and frequently the wittiest fashion by the songs of Mabel Mercer, who speaks (or sings) out of two generations of experience. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be, her pianist. Never-before-ten-thirty is their way of life. Closed Sundays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day. . . . **the apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Frontiersmen who have doubts about braving the Wild East of Second Avenue might try this particular piano bar-and-grill. Charles De Forest, who arrives at ten and stays until three, knows the good songs (he even writes some of them) and delivers them, gift-wrapped, in a persuasive tenor. Sundays are his holidays.

Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. The music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, it sounds at one. . . . **arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks, or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **downtown,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The house dancers (chief among them Linda Benter) spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four, except Mondays) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. Saturday and Sunday matinées from one to six. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Steve Iles plays concert piano that rings not only welkins but some tricky changes. The music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays and New Year's Eve. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do, and with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a brand-new round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The new face of Spain, but even so the architecture makes the twentieth century a great deal less stark. A guitar that starts up at eight in the third room back enhances this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in everything Spanish. The music—guitar again—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between *Iberia and the New World. No sound* effects Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . ***SHERRY-NETHERLAND,*** *Fifth Ave. at 59th* St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is tenuous. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave., at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): More than a touch of Moorish architecture, and quite a few touches of globe-trotter piano by George Rudolph, who is on point duty from six until midnight, except on Sundays. On New Year's Eve, he will head up a small dance group from ten to two. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Dry sherry is the proper accompaniment for the terse Iberian guitar of Gustavo Lopez, who is in residence from nine-thirty until one, and for the terse Iberian setting of this tiny bar, which is there all the time. No dining at any time, and no music on Sundays, or after ten-thirty New Year's Eve, or on New Year's Day. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of *Rome* at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldy and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. On New Year's Eve, dancing from nine-thirty until three. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a brand-new Never-Never Land, in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. In the middle of it all stands Mickey Rooney, that Hardy perennial, who has now turned vaudevillian. A tawny creature, Betty Jo Alvies, who will certainly be Miss Amazon of 1966, is the other notable character onstage. Dancing.

CABARETS

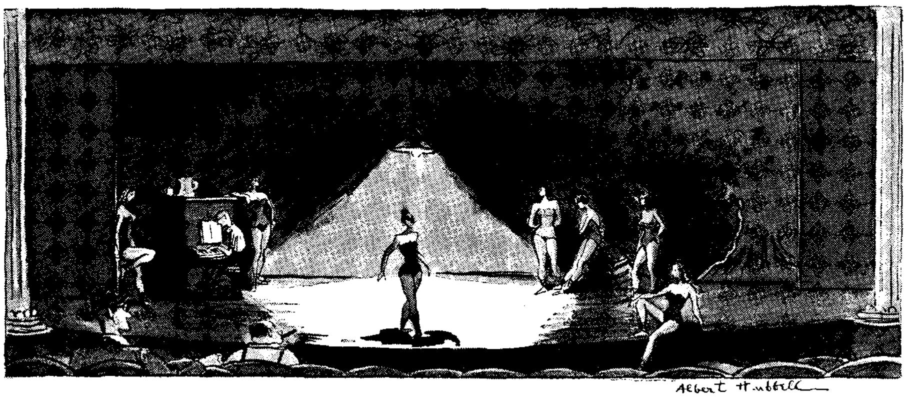
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, players who have worn Monk's-cloth in other years, are again keeping up their spirits of mockery, and John Keatts is their new male companion; the ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all new and all noblewomen. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It's boots-and-saddles time in the back room when the feet of Joaquin Robles take off on their flamencan cavalcade; it's frenzy time when the triad known as Los Panchos gets to its close-harmony carolling. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Cole Porter as the poet laureate would surely have wanted it—in a revue replete with vigor, velocity, and virtuosity. Ben Bagley is the inventor of this potpourri of the lesser-known arias of the Master; Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan are the just-right principals; Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff are the excellent acolytes; William Roy, piano, and Dick Sheridan, tympani, are the orchestra; fetching and fun-loving are the costumings. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the new pocket-edition revue here, is held scoreless for the first couple of innings; then R. G. Brown, Fannie Flagg, Betty Aberlin, and Richard Blair, the leaders of the pack, go on a batting spree. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison's trio and Charles Lloyd's quartet, which is on a secret mission, shut up shop on Saturday, Jan. 1. Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 4-6, Don Cherry's quartet will have the floor. On Friday, Jan. 7, Miles Davis and horn, which will be wearing its customary deep mourning, will arrive. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Swingle Singers, one of



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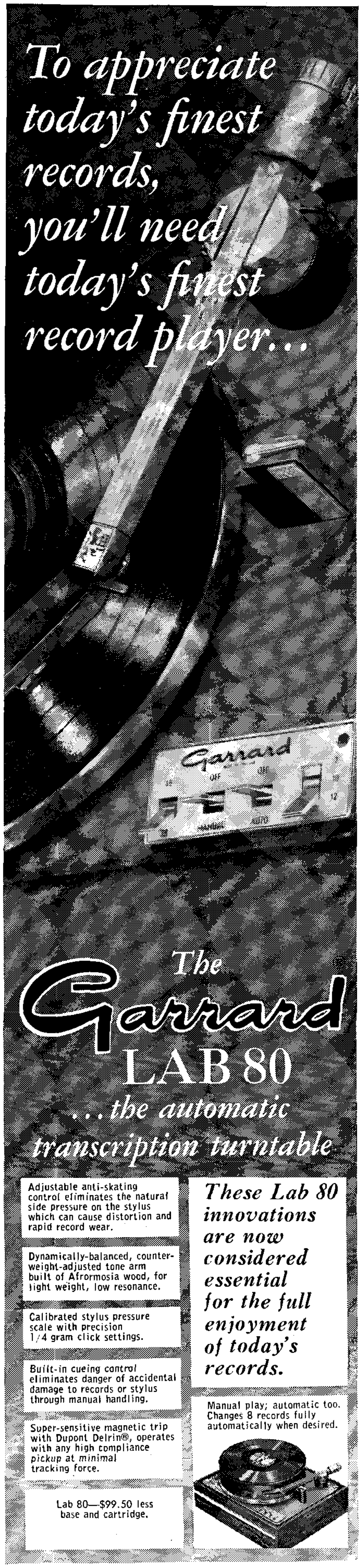
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the really great ideas anyone has ever had about choral operations, take their leave on Saturday, Jan. 1, and with them go Herbie Mann and his Caribbean band. New Year's Eve, the deal starts at eight, and there will be dancing from ten o'clock on. On Sunday, Jan. 2, the sole activity will be a three-o'clock matinée by Beveridge Webster, pianist, and Michael Webster, clarinetist. Next evening, the play area will be occupied, as usual, by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. The establishment will resume its career on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, with Earl Hines, as immortal as ever, at the piano and Dick Gregory, the national conscience, at the speaker's table. A restaurant of sorts (closed on Mondays) is appended on the ground floor, and Mr. Hines will appear in it, too. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. The Wigggs of 1666, a quartet that does rock in non-period costumery, are spelled by the Womenfolk, who do hill-and-dale songs; the Uncalled-For 3 are in charge of all comic effects. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. On Wednesday, Jan. 5, the Bitter End Singers and a new folkster named Tim Rose will displace the Womenfolk and the Wigggs of this cabbage patch. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is a happy, well-above-average American family, which is joined on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays by Jimmy Rushing, the personification of Gabriel's trumpet, who will sing. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, the Cannonball Adderley quintet will also be added. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The Jazz Workshop of Charlie Mingus (henceforward, by his royal decree, to be known as Charles Mingus) is in its standard state of productive ferment. Dancing New Year's Eve. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dill Jones, and Morey Feld—to produce the old-school clarion music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood-music jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are conducting an old-fashioned joy-through-living shivaree. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. Peanuts and beer are part of the scene. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays bring on, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave, find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week, eight to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES

JACK BEAL—Paintings, mainly still-lifes and interiors; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—An exhibition consisting of a single large painting and related drawings and watercolors that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Expressionistic paintings; through Jan. 14. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL FEELEY—Painted wood sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KING—A retrospective of figure sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONID—New paintings, including landscapes and signs of the zodiac, and drawings; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

ERLE LORAN—Abstractions; through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronze reliefs for the Door of St. Peter's, together with sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Jan. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Forty previously unexhibited paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM TUCKER—Sculptures by a young British artist. First one-man show in New York; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

ANIMALS IN PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—An exhibition of wild, domestic, and divine animals (in stone, pottery, textile, jade, and gold) from 1000 B.C. to 1500 A.D.; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMEL**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Drawings by Dalia Ramanauskas, together with paintings and sculptures by other members of the gallery, among them Cal Streeter, John Goodyear, and Sidney Butchkes; through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Allan Kaprow, Roy Lichtenstein, George Segal, and seven other artists who are or have been members of the faculty or students at Rutgers University; through Jan. 12. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Pop and Op," a show of paintings and sculptures by the leading exponents of the two movements, including Marisol, Warhol, and Albers; through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such artists as Kenneth Evett, Leon Goldin, and Karl Schrag; through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Canvases by Albert Bierstadt, Edward Henry Potthast, Theodore Robinson, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: A Christmas exhibition of paintings and graphics by Robert Ludwig, Alice Forman, Gerald Willen, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Joseph Stella, August Mosca, and Marsden Hartley; through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Prints by (for instance) Anuszkiewicz, Oldenburg, and Dine; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6; Friday and Saturday evenings, 9 to 11.) . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: An exhibition of decoys and other American folk arts from the Stony Point Folk Art Gallery, in Stony Point, New York; through Friday, Dec. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—A holiday show of paintings, sculptures, and other works (both religious and festive) by Livingston Welch, Waldemar Otto, and Helen Shotwell, to mention three; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Shuster, 536 Third Ave., at 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: A travelling exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Ingres, Pissarro, Alechinsky, and others; through Jan. 15. (Closed Saturday mornings and Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, and Barbara Hepworth are three of the artists represented in "The English Eye," a survey of English paintings and sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra;

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OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH through Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Graphic works by Picasso, Dubuffet, Laurens, Matisse, and Miró; through Friday, Dec. 31.... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Afro, Max Beckmann, and Jan Cox; through Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A travelling loan exhibition of paintings, miniatures, drawings, and engravings by the Colonial portraitist John Singleton Copley (1738-1815); through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Except on Mondays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)...¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Jan. 9. ...¶ "Early American Cities," a showing of aquatints of cities along the Eastern seacoast and rivers by early-nineteenth-century landscapists, from the collection of Harry W. Havemeyer; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27....¶ Forty-four School of Paris paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx collection, ranging from two 1906 Picassos to a 1954 Braque; through Sunday, Jan. 2....¶ A small showing of objects designed by Arp, Ernst, and Picasso, and made in glass in the factories at Murano, Italy; through Sunday, Jan. 2....¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20....¶ "Word and Image," an exhibition of paintings by contemporary Americans (including Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, and Robert Motherwell) in which the written word or symbol is a significant element; through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, consisting of a painting apiece by a hundred and thirty-eight artists, among them Hans Hofmann, I. Rice Pereira, and Edward Hopper; through Jan. 30. (Daily, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Domenico Puligo's "La Sacra Famiglia" (circa 1520) on loan for the Christmas season from the Borghese Gallery, in Rome; through Monday, Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Jan. 9....¶ Graphics, drawings, and paintings (by, among others, David Siqueiros and Marcel Duchamp) from the Josephine and Phillip A. Bruno collection; through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Dali showing (ending Friday) at the Knoedler Art Galleries, 14 E. 57th St.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Motion" sculptures, drawings, and architectural projects by Nicolas Schöffer and Jean Tinguely; through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dürer and His Time," a loan exhibition of drawings from the State Museum of West Berlin; through Jan. 19....¶ Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of the Decoy," a display of bird carvings made as wildfowl decoys, and "The Art of the Carousel," a display of early American carousel figure carvings; both through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty American Indian artists, sixteen to twenty-three years old, representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Robert Goodloe, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Díaz, and John Macurdy....¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, and John Robert Dunlap....¶ Monday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Díaz, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Joann Grillo, George Shirley, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Felicia Weathers, Jean Madeira, Joann Grillo, James McCracken, Morley Meredith, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, and Gabriel Bacquier....¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani....¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, James King, Geraint Evans, Sherrill Milnes, and Otto Edelmann.

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL COMPANY—Final performances of a one-week season by the Met's touring company. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8:30: Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: Rossini's "Cinderella," in English....¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8: "Carmen," in French....¶ Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 3, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano); and an Elgar-Beethoven program on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 10, at 7:30 (all with Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

HANDEL CONCERT—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in the last in a series of programs presenting the twelve concerti grossi of Handel's Opus No. 6. With Felix Galimir and the conductor, vio-

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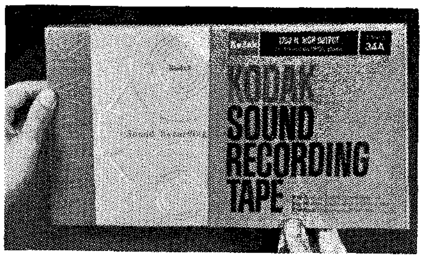

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lin; Charles McCracken, cello; and Robert Conant, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Georg Solti directing a performance of Benjamin Britten's "Billy Budd" in concert form, with Richard Lewis and Joseph Ward, tenors; Robert Kerns, baritone; and Forbes Robinson, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

Clarion Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a repeat performance of Dittersdorf's opera "Arcifanfano, King of Fools," in concert form and in English, with sopranos Eleanor Steber, Anna Russell, and Patricia Brooks; John McCollum and Joseph Sopher, tenors; David Smith, baritone; and Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

The Play of Herod and **The Play of Daniel**—The last in a series of performances of two twelfth-century musical dramas presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of fifty includes singers, actors, and players on medieval instruments. "The Play of Herod": Thursday, Dec. 30, at 3 (primarily for children) and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Play of Daniel": Saturday, Jan. 1, at 3 (primarily for children) and 8:30, plus Sunday, Jan. 2, and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 4-6, at 8:30. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-0900.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Wolfdieter Maurer directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

Twelfth Night Music—The Renaissance Quartet playing a program of music especially associated with Twelfth Night. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:40.)

Armenta Adams—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. San Francisco and Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Boxing—Harold Johnson vs. Johnny Persol, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 2, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night, except Jan. 1. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15, from Monday, Jan. 3, through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operettas—By the **amato opera company**: "The Pied Piper." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 1:30 and 4.) . . . **american savoyards**: "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, Jan. 1, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sunday, Jan. 2, at 4. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Final children's performances of a two-week engagement. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Thursday, Dec. 30, at 11; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 4; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 11. . . . ¶ "Nutcracker Suite Ballet," Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2; Friday, Dec. 31, at 11; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 2; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, and Friday, Jan. 7, at 4; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

Stage Shows—By the **equity theatre for children**: "Alice Through the Looking Glass, or What Alice Found There." (Master Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. MO 3-2028. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, at 11 and 2:30; and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2:30. Admission is free, but seats may be reserved in advance.) . . . **explore, inc.**: "Buffalo Bill." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 1 and 3; Sundays at 1; and Friday, Dec. 31, at 3.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **heights players**: "Once Upon a Mattress." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Day at 2:30.) . . . **rose lynch productions**: "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2, and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **musical theatre for children**: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31; Sunday, Jan. 2; and Saturday, Jan. 8, all at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **peppermint players**: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 1 and 2:30, and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1.) . . . **pickwick puppet theatre**: "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **prince street players**: "Aladdin." (Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, at 11:15.) . . . **taubenslag productions**: "Aladdin." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, at 11, 1:15, and 2:30; and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Maidman Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 524-2465. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:15 and 2:30.) . . . **traveling playhouse**: "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Dec. 31, at 11 and 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Christmas and the Star." Starting Tuesday, Jan. 4, there will be a new show, "The Brightest Moon of All." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Monday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 4-7, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Secrets of Life," a Walt Disney nature film. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2. Admission is free.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Friday, Dec. 31. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

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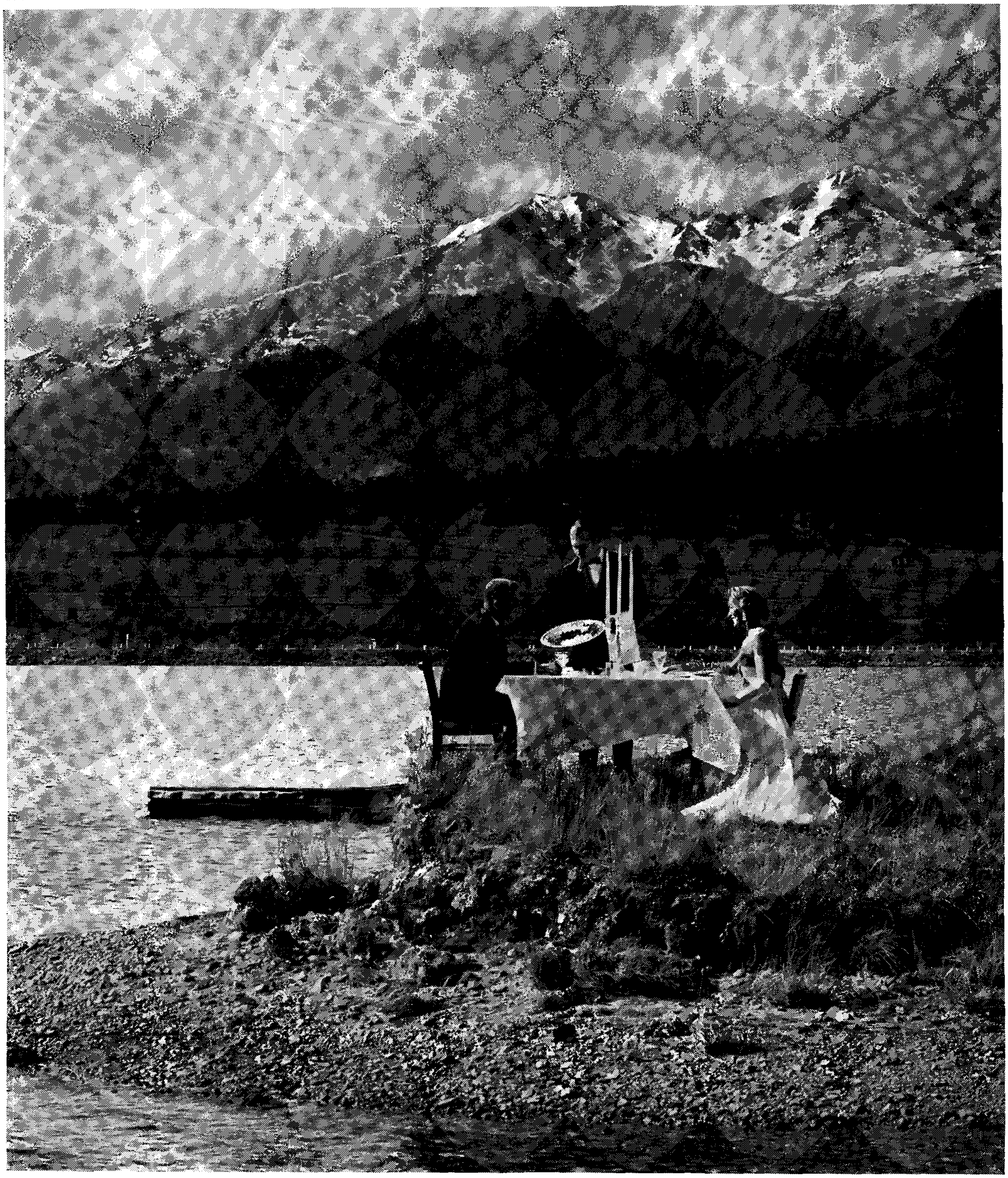

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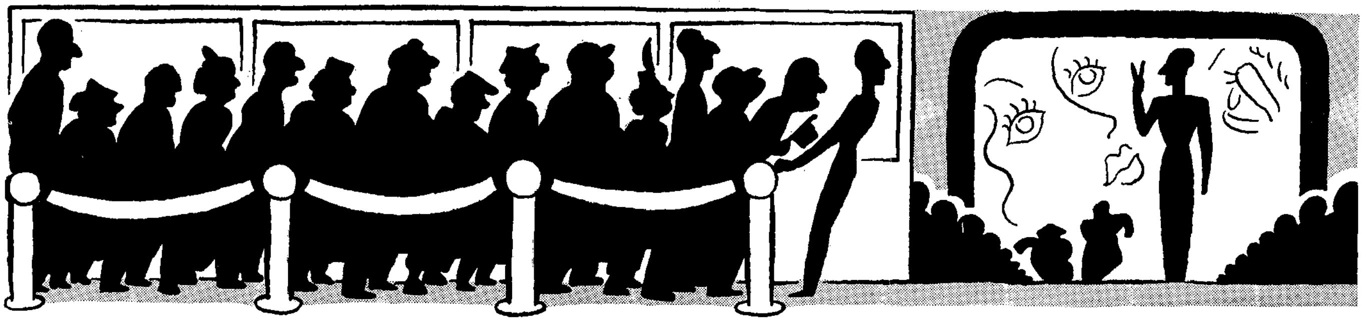

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 5.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—An overlong, overambitious farce, though with good things in it. Starring Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Natalie Wood, and directed by Blake Edwards. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 4.)

Help!—The Beatles are shown, travelling roughly as fast as sound, on skis, in tropical waters, in a London wine cellar, and, at irregular intervals, on stages and in studios, belting out songs. A joyous mess, directed by Richard Lester. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 30-Jan. 2, evening performances only. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 4.)

The Leather Boys—A pair of young lovers, more foolish than star-crossed, and a homosexual friend, who *really* has troubles, grow up to the roaring of innumerable motorcycles. With Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton, and superbly directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 4.)

Life at the Top— . . . is hard cheese, says this wry, tough, well-written and well-acted English comedy. Starring Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Donald Wolfit, and Honor Blackman. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Moment of Truth—The celebrated Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin plays the role of a celebrated Spanish matador in a shocking but beautiful picture by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage, Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Jan. 5.)

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—A candid, affecting study of a remarkable American. Narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—An entirely successful adaptation of the famous best-seller. With Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director is Martin Ritt. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The 10th Victim—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this witty Italian extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Ably directed by Elio Petri. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

The Balcony—Derived from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

Banana Peel (1965)—A French melodrama, with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 3-4.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Jan. 4.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Jan. 3.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Jan. 2-4.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 31.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 30.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of unhappy lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 4.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Jan. 5.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 1-2. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Jan. 4.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Jan. 2-4.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Jan. 3.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 30.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 4.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Jan. 1: "Aná-ta-han" (1954), in Japanese, the last program in a series called "The Films of Josef von Sternberg." . . ¶ Jan. 2-5: "The Sign of the Cross" (1932), with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and—except Dec. 31—at 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Dec. 30: "Footlight Parade" (1933), with James Cagney. . . . ¶ Dec. 31-Jan. 2: "Wonder Bar" (1934), with Al Jolson. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 4: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers. (Showings Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
"Thunderball," Sean Connery.

Rivoli, B'way at 40th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8:30, and midnight; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 1, 4:45, and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE KNACK.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Jan. 5: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT,** revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 4: **THE KNACK.**
From Jan. 5: **DARLING.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Thunderball," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"How NOT to Rob a Department Store" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Marie Laforêt.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Thunderball," Sean Connery.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Dec. 30: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA,** revival.
Dec. 31-Jan. 3: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT,** revival.
From Jan. 4: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE,** revival; and **THE BANK DICK,** revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 4: "Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."
From Jan. 5: **THE PAWNBROKER.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 4: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT,** revival.
From Jan. 5: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay; and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Dec. 30-31 at noon and 2: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," revival, James Cagney, Dick Powell.
Jan. 1-2 at noon and 2: "Captains Courageous," revival, Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew.
Dec. 30-Jan. 2 (evenings only): **THE KNACK.**
From Jan. 3: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 4: **THE GREAT RACE.**
From Jan. 5: **DARLING**; and "The Walls of Hell," Jock Mahoney.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Do Not Disturb," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 3: **BREATHLESS** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
From Jan. 4: "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Jan. 1: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
Jan. 2-4: **ROOM SERVICE,** revival; and **DAVID COPPERFIELD,** revival.
From Jan. 5: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY,** revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 4: **THE GREAT RACE.**
From Jan. 5: **DARLING.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"An Evening with Batman and Robin," four and a half hours of it, no less.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 4: **TOM JONES,** revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Jan. 5: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 4: **THE LEATHER BOYS.**
From Jan. 5: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bride-Napping" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
LIFE AT THE TOP.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 31: **LAURA,** revival; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," revival, Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery.
Jan. 1-2: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE,** revival; and "International House," revival, W. C. Fields.
Jan. 3-4: **BANANA PEEL** (in French), revival; and "Leda" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Jan. 5: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Sweet and Sour" (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 4: **TOM JONES,** revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Jan. 5: **DARLING**; and "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," revival, Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 30: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival; and "All These Women" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.
Dec. 31-Jan. 3: **NOTHING BUT A MAN,** revival; and **THE BALCONY,** revival.
From Jan. 4: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM,** revival; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 4: **THE KNACK.**
From Jan. 5: To be announced.

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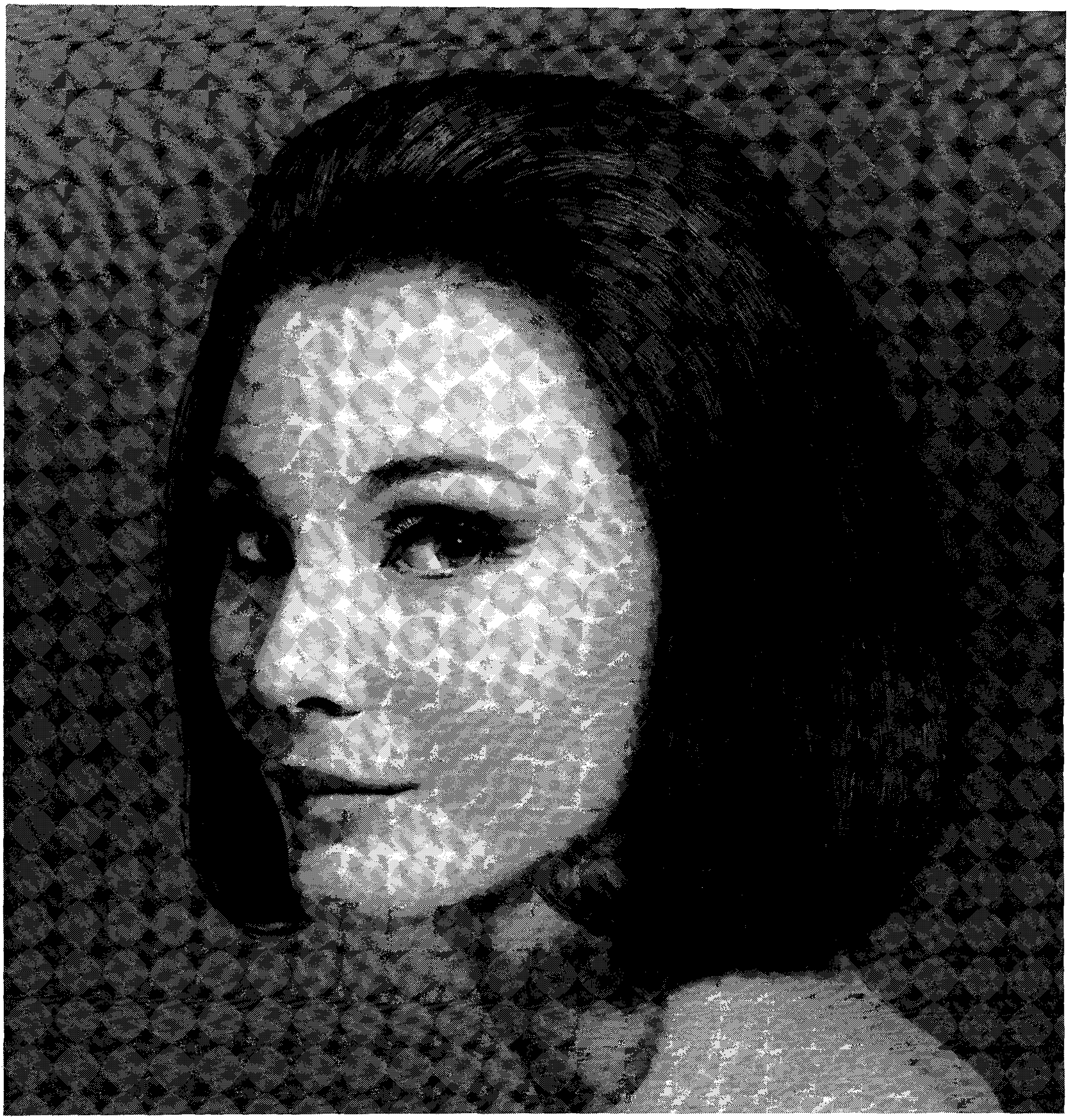

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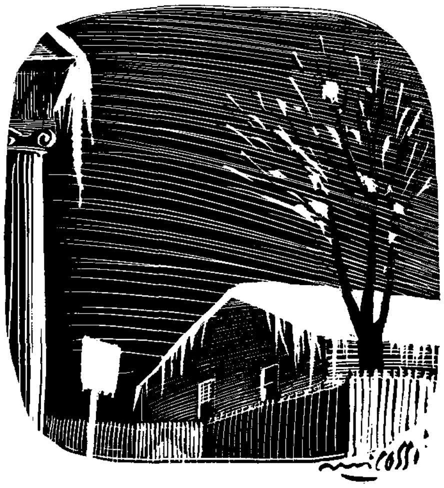
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE longer the fighting goes on in Vietnam, the clearer our impression grows that war may have been a more efficient institution in the past than it is now. We are speaking of war in a narrow military sense, and, of course, with nuclear weapons very much in mind. We doubt if before their advent any country, and particularly one the size of the United States, would have hesitated, perplexed, over how to proceed against an enemy with which it was locked in bloody combat. In pre-nuclear times, we think, a country's only conceivable response would have been to let fly with everything it had, to empty its arsenals of their most powerful weapons. But, as has often been said, today's most powerful weapons are too powerful, having far less to do with conquest than with extermination, including self-extermination. Such weapons do not lend themselves to quick, instinctive use; even the most outspoken "hawks" among the retired military, we notice, stand strangely silent when it comes to espousing their employment. The less limited the power of a weapon, it would appear, the more limited are its uses, and the effect of this paradox, in our opinion, is to impair the efficiency of warfare. The soldier in the field today, unlike his counterpart of the past, lives with the knowledge that his government is unlikely to accord him the maximum support of its arms. It is an apparent deprivation. No matter how well so-called conventional weapons may serve his needs, he can hardly be blamed, it seems to us, if he chooses to imagine that things might be a whole lot better for him, in the mud or the jungle, were his government of a mind to go all out on his behalf; as far as he is concerned, he is being asked not only to fight for his life but to do it fastidiously, taking care to overcome his would-be murderer in a certain approved manner.

In our view, there is a real deprivation that confronts the soldier in Vietnam, whether American or Communist. Because of the constant nuclear threat, he is denied the dream of conquest. The promise of that lustrous goal once sustained many a gallant heart throughout a bitter campaign, but these days the men in both armies go into battle fully aware that they are not necessarily fighting for victory. Half the time, it is difficult to tell whether they are serving as armed diplomats or as soldiers without portfolio. Repeatedly, they hear their commanders-in-chief proclaim that the true purpose of the fighting is a negotiated peace. In the past, leaders refrained from such talk until after the tide of battle had unmistakably determined the victor and the vanquished. Indeed, it might be argued that this very determination was the great achievement of war, for only after the determination was made could the efficiency—or usefulness, or expediency—of war be demonstrated at the peace-conference table. Negotiation, so called, proceeded only at that table; the victor's brand of wisdom prevailed, for better or worse, and at long last the political problems that had started the war were settled, at least temporarily. But today, it appears, there is no such clear-cut arrangement in view. It is a draw—a negotiable stalemate—to which both sides seem to aspire. In this country, at any rate, one hears little talk of victory (or defeat), although now and then an especially impassioned man may summon up a vision of this kind of outcome. The other week, one such man, the chairman of a congressional committee, declared, paraphrasing the words of a famous general, that "in war there is no substitute for victory." He meant to exhort his listeners, but it is just possible, we suspect, that some of them may have been set to reflecting on whether there might not be a substitute for war. It is a tangled question. We ourself, for example, aren't at all clear whether a world without the availability of force would necessarily be a safe one, but we do have the sense that war, as such, may have seen its day as an agency for settling political accounts. It concerns us deeply that people everywhere may conceivably be living through a terrible cultural lag, either unaware of the cataclysmic changes in our world or skeptical of their existence. If there is such a lag, it would be vastly preferable, to put it mildly, for it to be recognized by us, soon, rather than eventually by historians, or perhaps archeologists.



Heliport

WITH the official opening of the new heliport on top of the Pan American Building last week, regular commercial helicopter service between the Grand Central area and John F. Kennedy International Airport became a reality. To observe the inauguration of this new era, we abandoned our office for the better part of a day to take in the opening ceremonies. These began with a vast cocktail party and luncheon laid on at the Waldorf-Astoria by Pan American World Airways for what a Pan Am public-relations man described as "prominent leaders in the business world and the New York community" and for members of the press, who were all thoughtfully provided with fat folders marked "Press Kit." The prevailing mood was one of glowing success following a four-year fight against various objectors to the idea of having a heliport in the Grand Central area, lest it create excessive noise and constitute a potential danger to those living or working in the Grand Central and Murray Hill areas. The people on the dais included Juan T. Trippe, chairman of the board of Pan American World Airways; Roger M. Blough, chairman of the board of United States Steel; His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman; Keith S. McHugh, Commissioner of Commerce for the State of New York; Alan S. Boyd, Under-Secretary of Commerce for Transportation; Frank D. O'Connor, the president-elect of the City Council; and Robert L. Cummings, president of New York Airways, which operates the helicopter service. Cardinal Spellman delivered an invocation that began, "Mighty Lord, Father of us all, we Thy children come together joyfully to place the new Pan American heliport under your abiding protection;" Mr. Trippe proclaimed that "urban helicopter travel is here to stay;" Mr. Boyd, taking note of the efforts of the anti-heliport forces, declared, to powerful applause, that "the power of negative thinking has suffered a very real defeat;" and Mr. O'Connor offered corroboration by emphasizing "the absolute absence of negative thinking in the approach of the pioneers in aviation." Vigorous handclapping thereupon roiled the clouds of smoke drifting through the banquet hall.

At the conclusion of the lunch, the guests were invited to proceed by limousine, in groups, to the Pan Am Building for what the Pan Am people called "a courtesy ride" in a helicopter before the heliport should be opened for regular commercial service, at six-thirty. We chose to make our way down to the Pan Am Building on foot, where, having been swept up by a crowd of banqueters descending from limousines, we checked into a new Pan Am ticket office, near the Park Avenue ramp. There we met a tall, jovial vice-president of Pan Am named James Montgomery, who told us, "All the airlines with European service have been receiving more and more complaints from passengers about delays in getting to and from Kennedy Airport. As things stand, passengers can get here from Europe in six and a half hours by jet, and then they have to spend two hours clearing customs and getting into town. People coming in from Bermuda are even less happy about the delay, since it takes them as long to get from Kennedy into midtown as it takes them to get from Bermuda to here. As for departures, if you use the East Side Airlines Terminal to get out to Kennedy for an international jet flight, you have to check in at the terminal an hour and forty-five minutes before your flight time. If you use this heliport, though, to go to Rome, say, you check in only forty-five minutes before your flight time, and your baggage is taken from you right here by Skycaps, who'll put it on the scales, and you don't see your baggage again until it's delivered to you at the Rome airport. The actual flight time between here and Kennedy is seven minutes. And for domestic flights you save thirty-five minutes by using the heliport. The fare is seven dollars one way. A tremendous convenience."

With Mr. Montgomery, we took an elevator to the fifty-seventh floor of the Pan Am Building, where we admired pictures of two heliport lounges under construction—one of them nicely panelled and furnished in seventeenth-century-inn style, the other done in more or less contemporary style—and then we ascended, by escalator, half a floor to a sort of staging area, a gray-tiled expanse partly submerged below the flight deck on the roof of the building. A sliding glass door afforded us a view of steps leading up to the heliport, a concrete-paved area of more than half an acre. There was no helicopter in sight at that moment, but we were aware of a chopping sound outside somewhere.

We wound our way around the waiting throng and came face to face with Mr. Cummings, the president of New York Airways. "This is an unbelievably exciting day," Mr. Cummings said. "We in New York Airways started out in 1960 with the idea for this heliport, and we owe its existence to the tremendous vision of Juan Trippe—Pan Am has agreed to cover our losses for some time. This is the largest rooftop heliport in the world—and almost three times as large as the Wall Street heliport—and it's approachable from all four sides, which is a very important consideration. It's right on Park Avenue, and it's close to Forty-second Street. The building itself has twenty thousand people working in it, and within ten minutes' walk of it there is a population of five hundred thousand—greater than the population of Denver. Our object is to serve the center of the community. We're using twin-rotor Boeing-Vertol 107 helicopters, capable of seating twenty-five passengers. Every day, we'll have eighteen trips out to Kennedy and seventeen back. At the moment, we can cope with eight hundred and seventy-five passengers a day."

39¢
R. MacMillan

We asked Mr. Cummings what he thought of the objection raised by people in the Grand Central area to the noise of the helicopters.

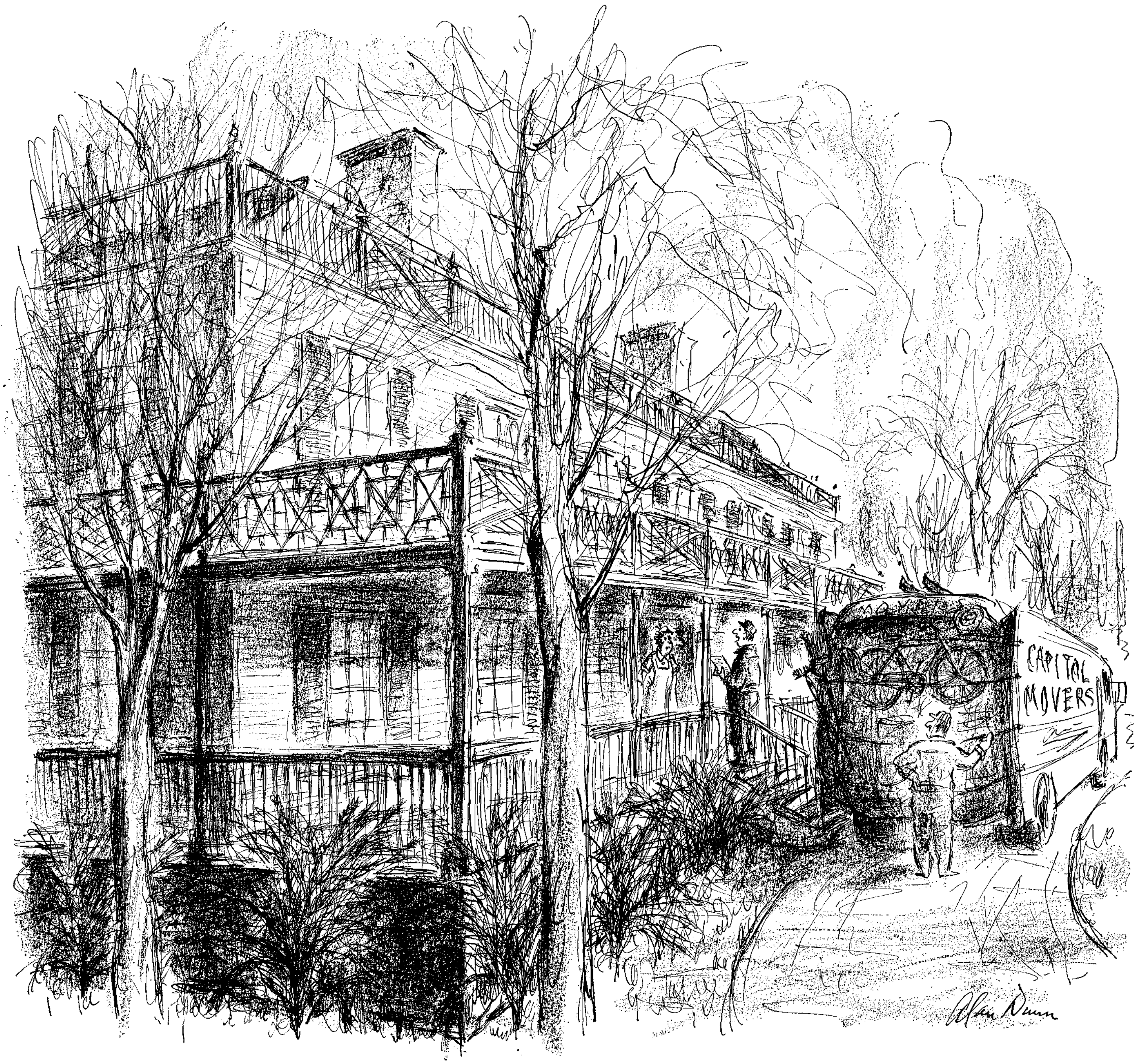
"Honestly, those objections are not realistic," Mr. Cummings said. "The signature of the blades—that whop-whopping sound—is no great problem. We've had very few phone calls of protest since we started high-density test flights, in October. On the other hand, we have had numerous calls for reservations on flights from this heliport—six hundred of them so far, two of which are for next June."

Edwin Baur, New York Airways vice-president in charge of flight operations, joined us, and we asked him about the noise problem. He didn't think it was much of a problem. "There were complaints when jets went into operation, too," he said. "The average ambient noise on a mid-Manhattan street is higher than that of a helicopter. We've run some studies showing that these helicopters make less noise than a six-wheel diesel truck."

With a man from the Federal Aviation Agency who was standing nearby we brought up the objection that the heliport constitutes a safety hazard for people in the area, and asked him whether a heliport on the edge of the East River in the midtown area wouldn't be a safer bet.

"Safety is safety," the F.A.A. man said imperturbably. "Whether one person is concerned or a million are concerned, our safety standards are the same. As high as we can make them."

We thanked the F.A.A. man, and



"J. V. Lindsay. Right?"

• •

the Messrs. Cummings and Baur, too. Then we mingled a bit more with the waiting crowd, and spotted Michael Quill in the thick of things. We asked him what he thought of the new helicopter service.

"I have had occasion in the past to use these machines, and I think they're a wonderful system of transportation," Mr. Quill said emphatically. "The heeleocopter is not so suitable for mass transportation, perhaps, but, in my opinion, it is going to be ideal for smaller cities."

The whop-whopping outside the staging area had got much louder, and the clothes of technicians out on the roof were flapping violently. Within a minute or so, a large blue-and-white helicopter settled on the roof. "Ladies and gentlemen, kindly hold on to your hats and other loose articles you may have with you," a blue-suited functionary called to the waiting crowd, and when the helicopter's passengers had debarked, we went out on the roof and boarded the machine for a trial spin around the midtown area. A Pan Am man sat down next to us and said, "The procedure is that the helicopter rises to an altitude of ten to fifteen feet, then moves simultaneously upward and backward, so that the pilot can keep the launching pad in sight, for about a hundred feet, and then goes forward with a lifting motion. The initial maneuver has the advantage of damping that feeling of acrophobia when the helicopter goes over the edge of the building."

We understood what he meant in a minute or so, when the helicopter began a shaking, loudly chopping ascent. We had the feeling of being in an elevator that had shot right through the roof of the building and continued in a trajectory that took us over the edge. Suddenly, the streets in the Grand Central area were yawning beneath us at an awesome depth, and we had a sweeping view that encompassed both the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and the George Washington Bridge. We were given a brief swing west to the Hudson, east over the middle of Central Park, down the East River, and back to the new heliport. Just before landing, we passed close by the tip of the Roxy-style spire of the Chrysler Building, which in the afternoon sun was standing in a kind of Camp glory.

After a while, we found ourself back in the heliport ticket office, where champagne—courtesy champagne—was flowing and catered caviar was being handed out while squads of Pan Am public-relations men rushed here and there getting things ready for the official opening of the heliport. The ceremony took place on the concrete roof, which was illuminated by many movie floodlights and flickering flashbulbs as Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Wagner—with Cardinal Spellman, a wispy figure, standing between them—cut a scarlet ribbon held by two stewardesses. (Cardinal Spellman took the first commercial helicopter flight out to Kennedy Airport, where he transferred to a jet that took him on a Christmas mission to Vietnam.) By the time the ceremony was over and the heliport was officially in business, it was pretty cold, windy, and noisy up there.

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THE Birds Eye people advertise their Selected Whole Mushrooms as coming in "small medium-size" and "large medium-size."

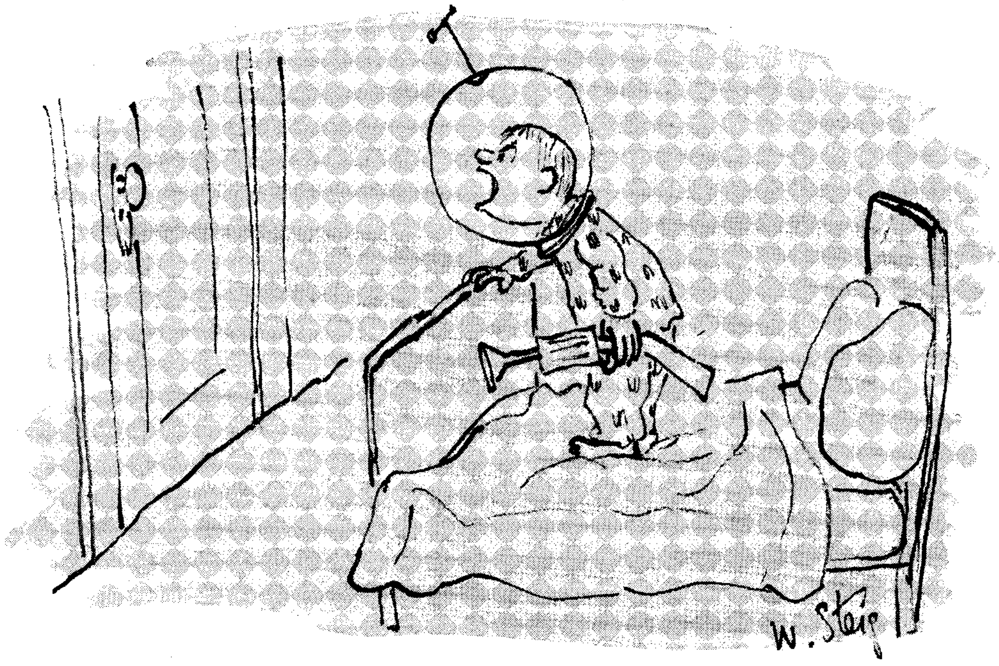
Peace on Earth

"'PEACE on Earth' is a slogan that's thrown around at Christmas," said a dark-haired girl standing next to a ten-foot pyramid of cardboard boxes on whose sides appeared, in wild Pop-Op array, a photograph of Elizabeth Taylor, accompanied by two quotations from Dag Hammarskjöld; a medieval print; a quotation from the Beatles; a photograph of an Asian child; a quotation from Adlai Stevenson ("No preordained destiny decrees that America shall have all the breaks and soft options. Neither greatness nor even freedom lies that way") and one from John Kennedy ("We shall do our best to build a world of peace where the weak are safe and the strong are just"); and photographs of an atomic cloud, a military figure sighting a weapon, a South American peasant, and the Watts riots, in California. "People react superficially to 'Peace on Earth,' " the girl went on. "Store windows always have the words written in Olde English, with Nativity scenes and Santa Clauses. Our theme is 'Peace on Earth,' too, but we want people to see what that means in 1965. We show anguish and suffering as well as joy—for example, pictures of Vietnam and the Watts riots—as a challenge for people to change." The girl, Mickey Myers, was a student from Immaculate Heart College, in Los Angeles, and, with a classmate, Paula McGowan, she was directing workmen in I.B.M.'s display center at Fifty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue in setting up seven hundred and twenty-five cardboard boxes for I.B.M.'s Christmas display, which would extend a hundred and thirty-five feet, and would consist of walls, towers, and pyramids formed of a hodgepodge of boxes bearing fragments of advertisements, sections of billboards, news photographs, quotations, and—in a variety of styles—the words "Peace on Earth." "We have a duty to put things that are around us into a new form, but cuteness and cleverness usually don't work," Mickey explained. "This is something there's no formula for." As I.B.M. computers clattered and blinked in the background, Mickey, who was wearing a brown sweater, a gray skirt, and green stockings, pointed to some quotations on a nearby tower of boxes and said, "They're from five men we considered to be disciples of peace in our time, and who have died recently: John Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, Dag Hammarskjöld, Pope John XXIII, and Nehru."

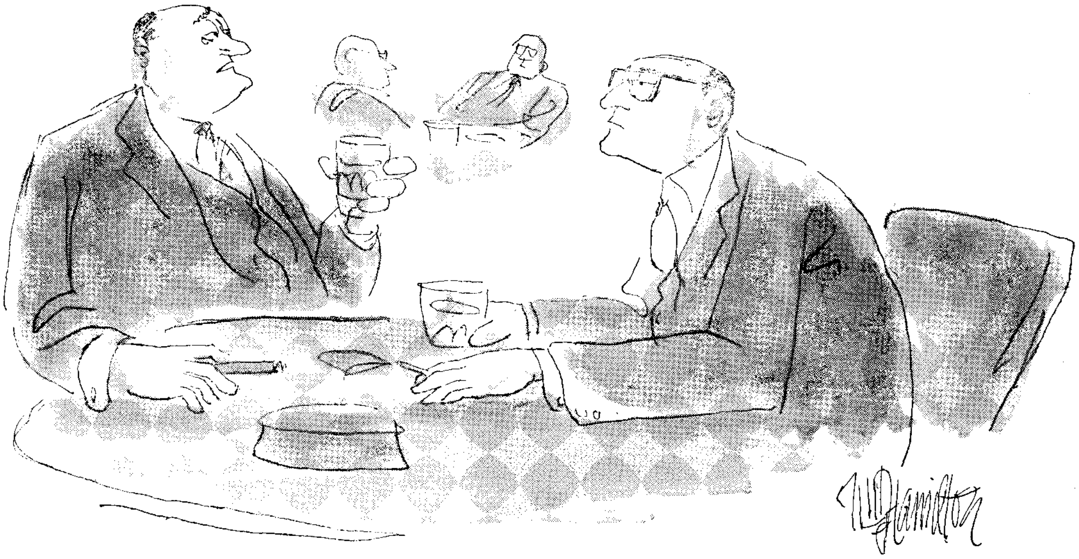
The two girls, leaders of a task force of twenty-two students who created the display, had already worked on it for two and a half months in California, under the direction of Sister Mary Corita Kent, head of the art department of Immaculate Heart, whose serigraphs have been shown at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art, and who currently has one-man shows in a number of cities, including Boston, Washington, and New York. The boxes were completed in California, then numbered, folded up, and shipped here.

Paula, who was wearing a bright-green dress, looked down the long, uneven row of boxes facing Madison Avenue. "I wanted to get a sense of continuity between the inside and the outside," she said. "The photographs of people, for example, carry the people outside inside. We wanted people to realize that they are the ones who make the peace—that peace isn't a passive thing."

The girls finished setting up the show December 9th, and it was opened to the public the next day. Immediately, it was attacked by a number of I.B.M. personnel and outsiders, some calling it "un-Christmassy" and others detecting in it a protest against the Vietnam war. Certain changes were quickly made in the display. To a prominent "Peace on Earth" were added the words "To Men of Good Will—Luke," and quotations from Pope Paul and President Kennedy were removed or added to so that they would not be read "out of context."



"I am in bed!"



"I mean, what if all us businessmen started burning our credit cards?"

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A public-relations man explained later, "We took soundings, and found there was public feeling against it. We're sensitive to comments such as these. Any corporation would be." On December 13th, Mickey and Paula moved on to the Scarabaeus Gallery, at 223 East Sixtieth Street, where they set up a group show of sculpture and other works by various students of Sister Corita's.

Sister Corita herself arrived the next week—a one-woman *aggiornamento*, pretty, cheerful, gentle, and dynamic. The Morris Gallery, at 174 Waverly Place, was displaying her latest serigraphs, which, like all her others, are built around quotations. "I take things out of context and play with them," she told us when we looked her up. The show included such diverse sources as advertisements for Wonder Bread and words by Rabbi Abraham Heschel and Father Daniel Berrigan, who recently became co-chairmen of Clergy Concerned About Vietnam. An example of Sister Corita's penchant for varied sources can be seen in a short article called "Art and Beauty in the Life of the Sister," which she wrote for a book called "The Changing Sister." In it she quotes or refers to Albert Camus, Federico Fellini, John Cage, Peanuts, Cardinal Suenens, William James, an ad for Del Monte catsup, John Dewey, George Bernard Shaw, J. D. Salinger, Little Red Riding Hood, Pope Paul VI, and James Baldwin. She has taught art at Immaculate Heart College for the past sixteen years.

"Charles Eames, who lives out there, is probably the one who has educated us most," Sister Corita said. "He's splendid. He speaks very simply but always asks the right questions, and he has honesty and enthusiasm. We use his films over and over again." Each year, in August, Sister Corita makes a series of prints. "This year I did thirty or thirty-five, and printed about a hundred of each. I work very fast, and others help me mix paint and clean up. It's a standing joke that anyone who drops in in August helps." She added that she works without any studies or notes. "I tried making notes during the year, but I lost them when it came time to print," she said, laughing. About her printmaking she said, "It seems a nice thing to do. I like the kind of connections it makes with people. I went through a formal training in which the look of the thing was all that was important, but nowadays I think I'm just a straight old propagandist." She smiled.

The Beatles are quoted in many of Sister Corita's prints. "I think there's something very direct and refreshing about them, and something very good about the words of their songs," she said. "A boy in our school—a music major—wrote a paper on 'The History of Salvation According to Paul, Ringo, George, and John.' He says the whole history of man is a kind of love affair between God and man, and the words of the Beatles' songs are often very similar in content to Scripture words; they have a freshness in that context. In California, incidentally, some people feel that the Beatles—and certain nursery rhymes as well—are part of a Communist infiltration." She smiled again, sadly. "That's one of the complications you live with."

Brightening, she went on, "While I'm in New York, I want to see Fellini's 'Juliet of the Spirits,' and a preview of Albee's adaptation of James Purdy's 'Malcolm,' and I want to see 'Hogan's Goat,' and I want to see the Jean Tinguely exhibit at the Jewish Museum. I saw the Spanish Civil War film 'To Die in Madrid;' it was devastating. I saw two wonderful short plays in the Judson Memorial Church—one by Gertrude Stein and one by Ruth Krauss. The Krauss play was a great kind of satire, done in that big, nice barn, with lots of dancing, and it was perfect—millions of times better than that great, lavish 'The Royal Hunt of the Sun,' which went on and on. I'm very much interested in the American Place Theatre, which is in St. Clement's Church. It's like what used to go on in churches. Theatre and service feed into each other; they ought never to be separated."

Sister Corita spoke of the current "junk" art, of Pop Art, and of the art of the absurd. "I have a theory," she said, and continued, laughing, "which doesn't work. It's that there's nothing that's ugly. If you try this out, you find you block out fewer things than if you just go around looking for what is beautiful or great. I can't think of these artists as negative and despairing—or else they wouldn't be doing it. If you notice and care about things, there is tenderness. In the midst of all the screaming for help, you have a hope that someone is going to answer."

She mentioned meeting Edward Albee at a party at Virgil Thomson's apartment, in the Village. "I told him I thought 'Virginia Woolf' was very tender," she said.

We asked what he said.

Sister Corita laughed. "I can't remember," she said. "I think he just sort of smiled."

Extras

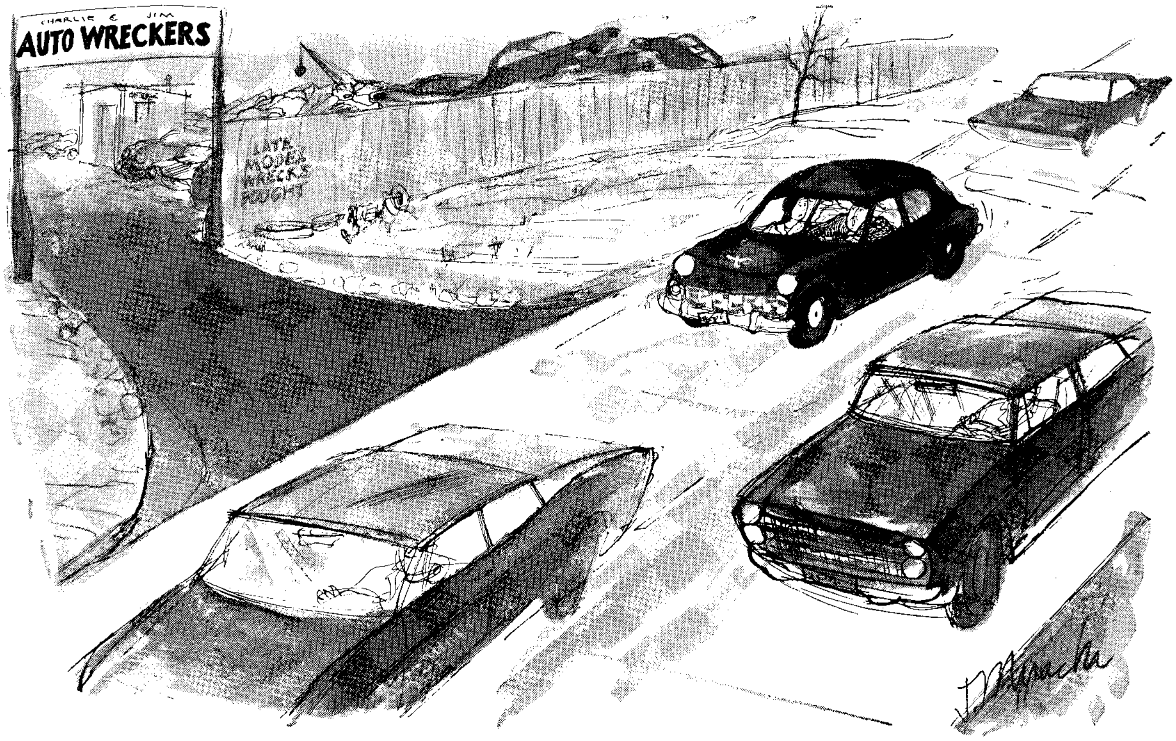
A RURAL lady we know ordered, by phone, a portable television set from a company that specializes in delivering such things. The clerk who took her order inquired whether she wanted to pay an additional five-dollar charge for "de-luxing." She asked the obvious question, which brought forth the answer "It means taking it out of the crate."

AVEC LA BÉBÉ-SITTER

EVERYBODY, from their friends in Boston to the stewards on the boat, wondered why Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Harris should suddenly uproot their family of three young children and take them to the South of France in the middle of November. They had no special affection or aptitude for the country. Janet Harris knew French as well as anyone who had taken six years of it in various respectable schools without ever speaking to a Frenchman, but Kenneth himself knew hardly any—indeed, he was not, despite a certain surface knowingness, an educated person at all. The magazine illustrations, poised somewhere between the ardently detailed earth of Norman Rockwell and the breezy blue clouds of Jon Whitcomb, with which Kenneth earned his living, were the outcome of a rather monomaniacal and cloistered youth devoted to art. At his drawing board, in the little room spattered and daubed from floor to ceiling, he was a kind of master, inventive and conscientious and mysteriously alert to the oscillations of chic that animated the New York market; outside this room he was impulsive and innocent and unduly dependent upon improvisation. It was typical of him to disembark in Cannes with three exhausted, confused children (one still in diapers) and a harried, hurt-looking wife, without a villa, a car, or a single friendly face to greet them, at a time of year when the Mediterranean sunshine was a golden ghost whose appearance of warmth merely underlined the actual chill in the air. After a week spent in a deserted hotel whose solicitous Old World personnel, apparently all members of a single whispering family, were secretly charging him ninety dollars a day, he blundered into an Antibes villa that, if it was not even in floor space equal to their Marlborough Street brownstone, at least had enough beds and a postcard view of Fort Carré and the (on fair days) turquoise harbor beyond. It was three more weeks, while Janet wrestled alone with the housekeeping and slowly deciphered the problems of shopping, before they acquired a badly needed baby-sitter. It was not only that Kenneth was incompetent; he was, like many people whose living comes to them with some agency of luck, a miser. The expense of this trip fairly paralyzed him, and, in truth, the even greater expense of the divorce to which it was the alternative was, among the decisive factors, not the least decisive.

The baby-sitter—their English-French dictionary gave no equivalent, and "*bébé-sitter*," as a joke, was funnier than "*on qui s'assied avec les bébés*"—was named, easily enough, Marie, and was a short healthy widow of about forty who each noon when she arrived would call "*Bonjour, Monsieur!*" to Kenneth with a gay, hopeful ring that seemed to promise ripe new worlds of communication between them. She spoke patiently and distinctly, and in a few days had received from Janet an adequate image of their expectations and had communicated in turn such intricate pieces of information as that her husband had died suddenly of a heart attack ("*Cœur—bom!*"—her arm quickly striking from the horizontal into the vertical) and that the owners and summer residents of their villa were a pair of homosexuals (hands fluttering at her shoulders—"*Pas de femmes. Jamais de femmes!*") who hired boys from Nice and Cannes for "*dix mille pour une nuit.*" "*Nouveaux francs?*" Kenneth asked, and she laughed delightedly, saying, "*Oui, oui,*" though this couldn't be right; no boy was worth two thousand dollars a night. Marie was tantalizing, for he felt within her, as in a locked chest, inaccessible wealth, and he didn't feel that Janet, whose conversations with her had an awkward grammatical formality, was gaining access either. As a result, the children remained hostile and frightened. They were accustomed, in Boston, to two types of baby-sitters: teen-age girls upon whom his elder daughter, aged seven, inflicted a succession of giggling crushes, and elderly limping women, of whom the grandest was Mrs. Shea. She had a bosom like a bolster and a wispy saintly voice in which, apparently, as soon as the Harrises were gone, she would tell the children wonderful stories of disease, calamity, and anatomical malfunction. Marie was neither young nor old, and, hermetically sealed inside her language, she must have seemed to the children as grotesque as a fish mouthing behind glass. They clustered defiantly around their parents, routing Janet out of her nap, pursuing Kenneth into the field where he had gone to sketch, leaving Marie alone in the kitchen, whose floor she repeatedly mopped in an embarrassed effort to make herself useful. And whenever their parents left together, the children, led by the oldest, wailed shamelessly while poor Marie tried to rally them with energetic "*ooh*"s and "*ah*"s. It was a humiliating situation for everyone, and Kenneth was vexed by the belief that his wife, in an hour of undivided attention, could easily have built between the baby-sitter and the children a few word bridges that would have adequately carried all this stalled emotional traffic. But she, with the stubborn shyness that was alternately her most frustrating and most ap-

SEX
VIOLENCE
SEX AND VIOLENCE



"Help! It's trying to turn in!"

• •

pealing trait, refused, or was unable, to do this. She was exhausted. One afternoon, after they had done a little shopping for the Christmas that in this country and climate seemed so wan a holiday, Kenneth dropped her off at the Musée d'Antibes and drove back in their rented Renault to the villa alone.

Smoke filled the living room. The children and Marie were gathered in silence around a fire she had built in the fireplace. Her eyes looked inquisitively past him when he entered. "*Madame*," he explained, "*est*, uh, *visitée?—la Musée*."

Comprehension abruptly dawned in her quick face. "*Ah, le Musée d'Antibes! Très joli*."

"*Oui*. Uh"—he thought he should explain this, so she would not expect him to leave in the car again—"*Madame est marchée*." In case this was the wrong word, he made walking motions with his fingers, and, unable to locate any equivalent for "back," added, "*ici*."

Marie nodded eagerly. "*À pied*."

"I guess. Yes. *Oui*."

Then came several rapid sentences that he did not understand at all. She repeated slowly, "*Monsieur*," pointing at him, "*travaille*," scribbling with her hands across an imaginary sketchbook.

"Oh. *Oui. Bon. Merci. Et les enfants?*"

From her flurry of words and gestures he gathered an assurance that she would take care of them. But when he did go outdoors with the pad and paintbox, all three, led by Vera, the two-year-old, irresistibly followed, deaf to Marie's shrill pleas. Flustered, embarrassed, she came onto the patio.

"*C'est rien*," he told her, and wanted to tell her, "Don't worry." He tried to put this into his facial expression, and she laughed, shrugged, and went back into the house. Fort Carré was taking the sun crisply on one chalk-yellow side in the Cubistic way that happens only in French light, the Mediterranean wore a curious double horizon of hazed blue, and Nice in the distance was like a long heap of pale flakes shed by the starkly brilliant Alps beyond. But Vera accidentally kicked the glass of water into the open paint tray, and as he bent to pick it up the freshly wet sketch fell face down in the grass. He gathered up everything and returned to the house, the children following. Marie was in the kitchen mopping the floor. "I think we should have a French lesson," he announced firmly. To Marie he added, with an apologetic note of interrogation, "*Leçon français?*"

"*Leçon française*," she said, and they all went into the smoky living room. "*Fumée—foof!*" she exclaimed, waving her hands in front of her face and opening the side doors. Then she sat down on the bamboo sofa with orange cushions—the two homosexuals had a taste for highly colored, flimsy furniture—and crossed her hands expectantly in her lap.

"Now," Kenneth said. "*Maintenant. Comment dites-vous—?*" He held up a pencil.

"*Le crayon*," Marie said.

"*Le crayon*," Kenneth repeated proudly. How simple, really, it all was. "Nancy, say, '*Le crayon*.' "

The girl giggled and shuttled her eyes between the two adults, to make sure they were serious. "Luh crrayong," she said.

"*Bon*," Kenneth said. "Charlie. '*Le crayon*.' "

The boy was four, and his intelligence had a way of unpredictably sinking beneath waves of infantile willfulness. But, after a moment's hesitation, he brought out "*Le crayon*" with an expert twang.

"And Vera? '*Le crayon*'?"

The baby was just learning English, and he did not press her when she looked startled and said nothing. The lesson continued, through *le feu*, *le bois*, *la cheminée*, and *le canapé orange*. Having exhausted the objects immediately before them, Kenneth drew, and Marie identified, such basic components of the universe as *l'homme*, *la femme*, *le garçon*, *la jeune fille*, *le chien*, *le chat*, *la maison*, and *les oiseaux*. The two older children took to bringing things from other parts of the room—*un livre*, *une bouteille d'encre*, *un cendrier*, an old *soulier* of Charlie's whose mate had mysteriously vanished out in the yard among the giant cactuses. Nancy fetched from her room three paper dolls of great men she had punched from a copy of *Réalités* left in the house.

"*Ah*," Marie said. "*Jules César, Napoléon, et Charles Baudelaire*." Vera toddled into the kitchen and came back with a stale cupcake, which she held out hopefully, her little face radiant.

"*Gâteau*," Marie said.

"Coogie," Vera said.

"*Gâteau*."

"Coogie."

"*Non, non. Gâteau*."

"*Coogie!*"

"Gâteau!"

The baby burst into tears. Kenneth

picked her up and said, "You're right, Vera. That's a cookie." To the other children he said, "O.K., kids. That's all for today. Tomorrow we'll have another lesson. Go outside and play." He set the baby down. With a frightened backward look at the baby-sitter, Vera followed her brother and sister outdoors. By way of patching things up, Kenneth felt he should stay with Marie and make conversation. Both remained sitting. He wondered how much longer before Janet returned and rescued them. The unaccustomed sensation of yearning for his wife made him fidget.

"*Le français*," Marie said, spacing her words clearly, "*est difficile pour vous*."

"*Je suis très stupide*," he said.

"*Mais non, non, Monsieur est très sage, très*"—her hand scribbled over an imaginary sketch pad—"*adroit*."

Kenneth winced modestly, unable to frame any disclaimer.

She directed at him an interrogative sentence which, though she repeated it slowly, with various indications of her hands, he could not understand. "Nyew Yurrk?" she said at last. "Weshing*ton*?"

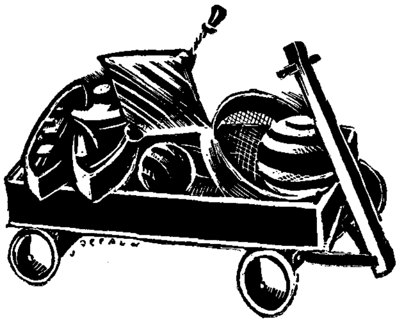
"Oh. Where do I come from? Here. *Les États-Unis*." He took up the pad again, turned a new leaf, and drew the Eastern seaboard. "*Floride*," he said as he outlined the peninsula and, growing reckless, indicated "*Le Golfe de Mexique*." He suspected from her blank face that this was wrong. He put in a few dark dots: "Washington, New York, *et ici, une heure nord à* New York *par avion*, Bos*ton! Grande ville*."

"Ah," Marie said.

"We live," Kenneth went on, "uh, *nous vivons dans une maison comme ça*." And he found himself drawing, in avidly remembered detail, the front of their house on Marlborough Street, the flight of brown steps with the extra-tall top step, the carpet-sized front lawn with its wrought-iron fence and its single prisoner of forsythia like a weeping princess, the coarse old struggling vine that winter never quite killed, the tall windows with their many Colonial panes; he even put the children's faces in the second-story windows. This was the window of Vera's room, these were the ones that Nancy and Charlie watched the traffic jams out of, this was the living-room window that at this time of year should reveal a richly burdened Christmas tree, and up here, on the third story, were the little shuttered windows of the guest bedroom that was inhabited by a ghost with a slender neck and naked moonlit shoulders. Emotion froze his hand.

Marie, looking up from the vivid drawing with very dark eyes, asked a long question in which he seemed to hear the words "*France*" and "*pourquoi*."

"Why did we come to France?" he asked her in English. She nodded. He said what he next said in part, no doubt, because it was the truth, but mainly, probably, because he happened to know the words. He put his hand over his heart and told the baby-sitter, "*J'aime une autre femme*."



Marie's shapely plucked eyebrows lifted, and he wondered if he had made sense. The sentence seemed foolproof; but he did not repeat it. Locked in linguistic darkness, he had thrown open the most intimate window of his life. He felt the relief, the loss of constriction, of a man glimpsing light at the end of a tunnel.

Marie spoke very carefully. "*Et Madame? Vous ne l'aimez pas?*"

There was a phrase, Kenneth knew, something like "*Comme ci comme ça*," which might roughly outline the immense ambiguous mass of his guilty, impatient, fond, and forlorn feelings toward Janet. But he didn't dare it, and instead, determined to be precise, measured off about an inch and a half

THE RETURN

After the light has set,
First I imagine silence; then the stroke
As if some drumbeat outside has come in.
And in the silence I smell moving smoke
And feel the touch of coarse cloth on my skin.
And all is darkness yet
Save where the hot wax withers by my chin.

When I had fallen (bone
Bloodying wet stone) he would lead me back
Along the street and up the corkscrew stair
(Time running anticlockwise, fingers slack)
And open windows to let in fresh air
And leave me stretched alone
With sunken cheeks drained whiter than my hair.

Then I was young. Before
Another stroke he will come back in bone
And thin my heart. That soot-black hill will break
And raise him in his clay suit from the stone
While my chalk-ridden fingers dryly ache
And burn. On this rush floor
He will come striding hotly. When I wake

The stroke will have been tolled
And I shall take his crushed purse in my hand
And feel it pulse (warm, empty) on my wrist.
Blood floods my temples. Clay man, from what land
Have you come back to keep your freezing tryst
With someone grown so old?
Soldier, forgive me. Candles die in mist.

And now a cold wind stirs
Inside the shuttered room. I feel his hand
Brushing the stale air, feeling for my place
Across the phlegm-soaked pillows. I am sand
Threading a glass with slow and even pace
And dying in my furs.
My father turns, with tears on his young face.

—George MacBeth

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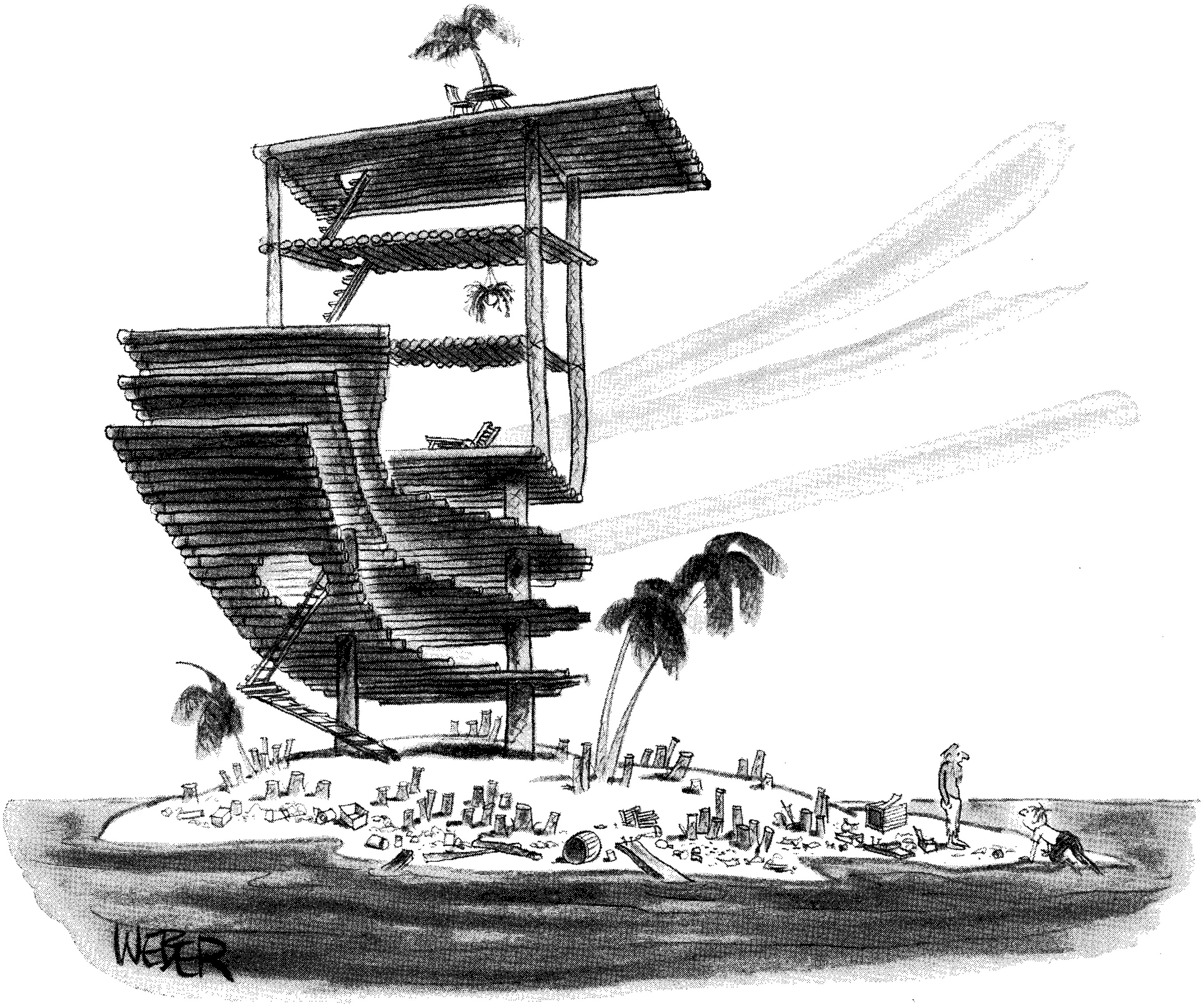

"Well, you see, in all that stuff that washed ashore there happened to be a copy of 'Architectural Forum.'"

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with his fingers and said, "*Un petit peu pas.*"

"*Ahhhh.*" And now Marie, as if the languages had been reversed, was speechless. Various American phrases traditional to his situation—"a chance to get over it," "for the sake of the kids"—revolved in Kenneth's head without encountering any equivalent French. "*Pour les enfants,*" he said at last, gesturing toward the outdoors and abruptly following the direction of his gesture, for Vera had begun to cry in the distance. About once a day she speared herself on one of the cactuses.

Janet was walking up the driveway. As he saw her go in to the baby-sitter he felt only a slight alarm. It didn't seem possible that he could have been indiscreet in a language he didn't know. When he came indoors, Marie and his wife were talking at cheerful length about what he imagined to be the charm of Le Musée d'Antibes, and it occurred to him that the reserve that had existed between the two women had been as much the baby-sitter's as Janet's. Now, from this afternoon on, Marie became voluble and jolly, open and *intime*, with her mistress; the two held long kitchen conversations in which womanly intuition replaced whatever was lost in nuances of diction. The children, feeling the new rapprochement, ceased yowling when their parents went away together, and under Marie's care developed a somewhat independent French, in which, if pencils were called crayons, crayons must be called pencils. Vera learned the word "*gâteau*" and even the sentence "*Je veux un gâteau.*" As to Kenneth, he was confident, without knowing what the women said to each other, that his strange confession was never mentioned. The *bébé-sitter* kept between herself and him a clear little distance, whether as a sign of disapproval or of respect, he could not decide; at any rate when she was in the house he was encouraged to paint by himself in the fields, and this isolation, wherein his wife's growing fluency spared him much further trouble of communication, suited his preoccupied heart. In short, they became a ménage.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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The two best ways of preventing "oil-separation" in peanut butter, Dr. Harrill said, were (1) keeping it cool, and (2) combining nut butter with "hard fat" or hydrogenated oil, which, he said, "slightly dilutes the flavor."

To counter Dr. Harrill, Procter and Gamble, whom Mr. Austern represents, had submitted a paper titled: "On a Probability Mechanism to Attain an Economic Balance Between the Resultant Error of Response and the Bias of Non-Response."—*Washington (D. C.) Daily News.*

So much for you, Harrill!

A SHORT NOVEL

I

IN the morning before the fall of light, on his way to the bathroom, Singer, overweight, acquiescent, having fewer aspirations than heretofore, discovers his stepson Anthony, nine years old, in his pajamas among the dogs in the passage outside Singer's bedroom. All three are lying, inviolable, it seems, purples and browns predominating, on the old, eviscerated puff that, Singer has often been told, covered Anthony on Barrow Street.

"What are you doing down there?" Singer says.

"What do you always want to make me suffer for?" Anthony says.

"Suffer! What do you mean suffer?" Singer says. "What do you know about suffering?"

Singer returns, grieving, to bed, where his wife lies, wearing a large gray T shirt with "Boston Patriots" written on it.

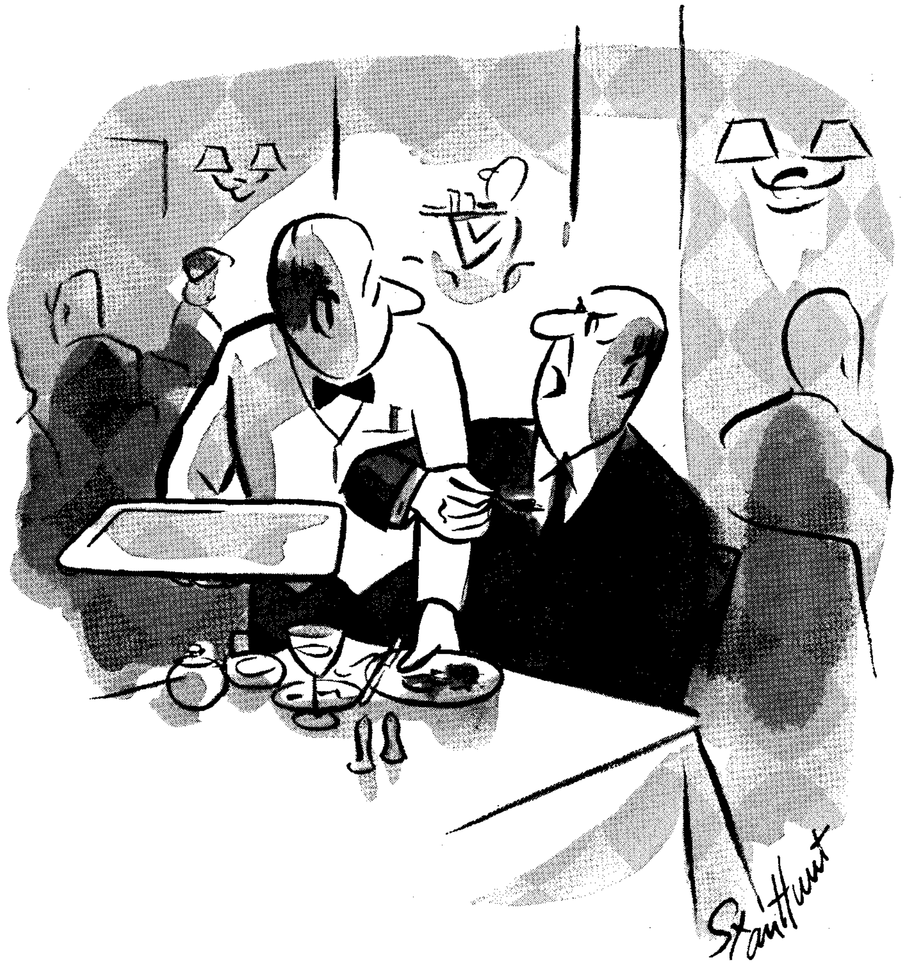
"Anthony's picking on me," Singer says. "Do I deserve it?"

Before he leaves for school, Anthony comes to say goodbye. Singer is sleeping, having another harrowing dream, when Anthony bends down to kiss him. Without opening his eyes, Singer reaches up and embraces him. Ah, Singer thinks, how could groping Isaac have been so ignorant?

II

GOING uptown, Singer descries, on the Avenue of the Americas, Bruce Binder, an industrial designer, bearing down on him in his small convertible. Singer tries to flee by doubling back on Spring Street and running north on Sullivan Street, but Binder overtakes him. As he sullenly accepts Binder's offer of a lift, Singer realizes that he has miscalculated; he had thought Sullivan was one-way the other way—a familiar failing.

Binder, whom he knows slightly, is telling Singer that sooner or later he, Binder, is going to commit adultery. Singer recalls that he may owe Binder a wedding present; he had gone to the reception at the Hampshire House, the Cottage Room, and had a handful of salted nuts. "I know me," Binder says, unconvincingly. Binder looks fairly mournful, Byzantine; he reminds Singer of some dim pendentive figure.



"I have not finished."

"I fired my mother last week," Binder says. "Julian, I was at my model-maker's. When I return to my studio, I find a message my mother has taken that So-and-So has called and so forth—a show-type girl I had had kind of a great relationship with on the Coast once.

" 'Ma, the number,' I say to my mother.

" 'What number?' she says to me—a fox.

" 'What number! What number! The number to call her back up with!' I say to my mother. Julian, I'm perspiring quite freely now.

" 'Bruce, believe me, sweetie, the party didn't leave a number,' she says to me.

" 'Ma, can it, and tell me the conversation substantially as it took place,' I say to my mother.

"Julian, the girl was something *else*. Moreover, she turns out to be Jewish. I knew there was something familiar about her. Julian, my mother told her I had gotten married recently. I say to my mother, 'Ma, how many times have I told you to forget you're my mother? You're my secretary. You're fired.' Julian, I had to hire her back. After all, she's my mother."

Binder drops Singer off at the Y.M.C.A., where he goes swimming thrice weekly.

Ah, Singer thinks, adultery. Blinds drawn at midday. Hear the ice-cream truck in the street! What is it playing—"Amapola"? If I had only had the presence of mind to head *south* on Sullivan, I wouldn't have been tempted.

III

SINGER encounters Skippy Mountjoy, Anthony's father, in the shower room of the Y, which is vaulted and has more or less the same dimensions as an old railway coach, and is equally dusky, full of velleities and sorrows. Singer has never seen Mountjoy undressed; nor he him, to the best of his knowledge. Mountjoy is uncircumcised, slighter than Singer, paler, too, and has several prominent bruises here and there; Mountjoy drinks, and Singer presumes these are the result of traditional (comic?) falls. Mountjoy recalls inevitably to Singer Anthony, naked, frantically leaping past Singer's bedroom doorway on his way to the bathroom, as though clearing an abyss. "Don't look!" he had cried. Singer wonders, Why is he ashamed to expose himself to me? This is the image I retain of him, he thinks—white, thin, exultant, aloft.

"Picasso! Another sacred cow!"

"You're not a member of the Y," Singer says.

"Why are you so concerned with form, Julian?" says Mountjoy.

IV

AT Tiffany's, Singer runs into Mrs. Eleanor Barker; six or seven years ago, a photograph of her astride a five-gaited gelding, liver chestnut trimmed in white, sixteen hands, adorned his dresser mirror.

Singer has bought a tape measure in a silver case for his wife's thirty-sixth birthday. "Do you really think it's chic?" Singer says.

"You must love your wife very much," Mrs. Barker says, measuring his nose with it.

"I've never had less than an affectionate thought for you, Eezie-Beezie," Singer says. She had once stood naked (too) in his bathroom on East Seventy-third Street at lunchtime, he remembers with some yearning, swinging the pannier of lettuce over the tub like a censer.

V

SINGER, a writer, has lunch with Moritz, a director of commercials, industrials, and institutionals, and Bloom, five years in daytime programming with a major network, in from the Coast, on the third floor of the Port Arthur, a Chinese restaurant. Climbing its narrow stairs, they are almost engulfed by a procession of descending Chinese in very long overcoats, and Bloom rolls his eyes. The Chinese had evidently been attending what Singer's father would have called a "function;" from the second-story landing, Singer sees upon many tables the involved and mysterious remains of their lunch, conventionally overhung with streamers of bluish smoke. If my mother were here, Singer thinks, she would say, "It must have been a very festive occasion."

The lunch is on Bloom, who, as he says to Singer, has said to himself only recently that Moritz and Singer got to meet one another, strike up some sparks. Moritz looks at Singer and does a thing with his eyebrows like Groucho Marx. Bloom slips his watch out of a vest pocket and hands it to Singer. Moritz fondles a bloodstone, a charm, hanging from the watch chain. "What's that—a fried marble?" he says.

"Get a load of the inscription," Bloom says to Singer. This reads, "To Buddy Bloom from Buddy Bloom, Five Years Devoted Service."

"I deserved it," Bloom says.

After an interval, Bloom says he is going to send Singer and Moritz a book he ordered five copies of at Pickwick, the bookstore, after hearing it described by a big *macher* in a conference as the kind of "Lilies of the Field" thing that's lying around untouched by human hands, begging with open arms to have its movie rights picked up for a song, song and a half. "Get a load of the plot line," Bloom says. "It'll refresh you." He relates it.

"So then what happens?" says Moritz.

"It's a very sensitive property," Bloom says. "The happenings are little. I see a universal ending, however. There she is in the clearing in the woods . . ."

"Tweet, tweet," says Moritz. "Rustle, rustle in the underbrush."

". . . rocking her little, illegitimate baby, and you pull the camera back, back, back or up, up, up, whichsoever, until all you can see of them is an insignificant dot in the midst of the universe."

"Why don't we do a film about alienation?" says Singer, who has been drinking more beer than usual. "Why must the wops have a corner on all the real alienation that's going around these days?"

"You're talking about something of a higher ebb, Julian," says Bloom.

"I see a party," says Singer. "They're all looking for someone. They know he hasn't left, but they can't find him."

"Where's he at, Julian?" Bloom says.

"He's lying under all the coats on the bed," Singer says. "After the last guest leaves, the host and hostess find him there."

It had happened that way to him, Singer thinks, years ago—but is it a universal experience?

"Smiling enigmatically," says Moritz.

"I see an E. G. Marshall," says Bloom, "but younger, but thinner."

"With lips," says Moritz. "A younger, thinner E. G. Marshall with much lips."

"What's with this lips?" Bloom says.

"For smiling enigmatically, Buddy, it's a help," Moritz says. "You've got to keep thinking visual in this medium."

"*Garçon*," says Bloom.

"Buddy has a very real flair for languages," Moritz says.

Moritz and Singer walk along Canal Street together, agreeing it looks like snow. Wind turns the pages of cut-rate notebooks on sidewalk stands. Bloom had said he had to attend a conference. "I better hop a hack, *mes semblables*," he had said.

"Do you think Bloom really means to do a film?" Singer says. "Last month when he was in, he was talking about a TV package aimed specifically at homemakers.”

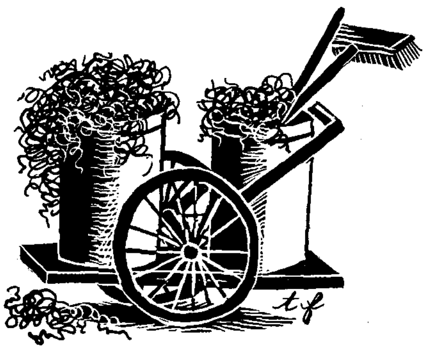
“Buddy’s a survivor,” Moritz says. “He never lifts two feet off the ground at the same time. If Buddy can survive good in fillums, Buddy’ll make fillums, and if Canal was a block north wouldn’t it be Grand?”

VI

BEFORE taking Anthony to Dr. Seidel, the dentist, Singer goes around to see Jay Donohue, to whom he hasn’t spoken in six months, an estrangement dating from about the time he heard Donohue had said several unwarranted things about him in his place of business, the Cuppa, a coffeehouse—principally, that Singer had failed him in a time of personal crisis. Lately, Singer had been told that he and Donohue were being extremely puerile and that Singer should act his age and make a peaceful overture. “But *I* hold absolutely nothing against Jay,” he would say. “In the Ovid paraphrase, ‘*Causa latet; vis est notissima.*’ ”

Donohue was formerly Singer’s best friend, as Donohue always asserted. For instance, he would frequently say, “As my best friend, you have let me down.” Moreover, Donohue had named his infant son Julian. “As Julie’s godfather, you have certainly let him down,” Donohue would say, too. Singer could not get the hang of the role of godfather, which he thought ill-defined, Donohue not only being an apostate but having often apostrophized the late Pope in this vein: “John, you’ll have to lose a little weight if you want to ride in the Belmont.” Nevertheless, this past Christmas Singer had bought Julie Donohue a share of Continental Can and announced his intention of purchasing an additional share each Christmas until Julie was twenty-one.

Singer and Donohue had met in New Jersey, in the Army, among the pines and the effusive coal gas. Donohue, who had returned from Korea and was awaiting his imminent discharge, was one of the firemen for Headquarters and Headquarters Company; his fires invariably died out while he read “Steppenwolf” in one gloomy fireroom or another, or called Vincent of Mamaroneck, a bookmaker with whom he placed bets on what he called “the pro baskets.” After Donohue was reduced to private first class for telling his barracks sergeant he had foul breath, Singer arranged for him to be assigned to the Public Information Office, where Singer was noncommissioned officer in charge. There, Donohue spent the days drinking heavily sugared coffee, practicing his penmanship, in which he took great pride, composing wisecracks that he hoped to fit into his conversation in civilian life, and carrying on about the Blue Fairy, a character of his own invention, who, he said, had the power to reveal to the nescient crowd, from whose number Donohue excluded himself, its pitiable nature. Singer learned it was futile to expect Donohue to do anything more in the way of work once Donohue knew that he, Singer, had succumbed to his unremitting charm. “I am, quite frankly, the first *Übermensch* out of Rockaway Park,” Donohue would say. “I am Jayzie-Dayzie, the Crowd Pleaser. I bloop singles over life’s drawn-in infield.”



The Cuppa is not open for business when Singer arrives. Donohue is seated at the counter, exhibiting one of his smooth shaves, drinking coffee out of a container, and opening an envelope, which contains bad checks. Save for a spotlight over Donohue’s head, the room is dark; Donohue’s stool rises out of the unexceptional refuse of the previous night. Singer feels as though he has wandered onstage, a feeling that is heightened when a porter and the espresso-machine man enter separately. During the speechifying that follows, the porter asks Singer to pick up his feet so he can sweep beneath them, the machine man mutely fills tea balls at Singer’s elbow.

Donohue says, “Just how aware are you of Hubert Humphrey’s capabilities? You would be doing yourself a great

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A VALEDICTORY TO STANDARD OIL OF INDIANA

In the darkness east of Chicago, the sky burns over the plumbers’ nightmares
Red and blue, and my hometown lies there loaded with gasoline.
Registers ring like gas pumps, pumps like pinballs, pinballs like broken alarm clocks,
And it’s time for morning, but nothing’s going to work.
From cat-cracker to candle shop, from greaseworks along the pipeline,
Over storage tanks like kings on a checkerboard ready to jump the county,
The word goes out: With refined regrets,
We suggest you sleep all day in your houses shaped like lunch buckets
And don’t show up at the automated gates.
Something else will tap the gauges without yawning
And check the valves at the feet of the cooling-towers without complaining.

Standard Oil is canning my high-school classmates
And the ones who fell out of junior high or slipped in the grades.
What should they do, gassed up in their Tempests and Comets, raring to go
Somewhere, with their wives scowling in front and kids stuffed in the back,
Past drive-ins jammed like car lots, trying to find the beaches
But blocked by freights for hours, stopped dead in their tracks
Where the rails, as thick as thieves along the lake front,
Lower their crossing gates to shut the frontier? What can they think about
As they stare at the sides of boxcars for a sign,
And Lake Michigan drains slowly into Lake Huron,
The mills level the Dunes, and the eels go sailing through the trout,
And mosquitoes inherit the evening while toads no bigger than horseflies
Hop crazily after them over the lawns and sidewalks, and the rainbows fall
Flat in the oil they came from? There are two towns now,
One dark, one going to be dark, divided by cyclone fences;
One pampered and cared for like pillboxes and cathedrals,
The other vanishing overnight in the dumps and swamps like a struck sideshow.
As the Laureate of the Class of ’44—which doesn’t know it has one—
I offer this poem, not from hustings or barricades
Or the rickety stage where George Rogers Clark stood glued to the wall,
But from another way out, like Barnum’s “This Way to the Egress,”
Which moved the suckers when they’d seen enough. Get out of town.

—DAVID WAGONER

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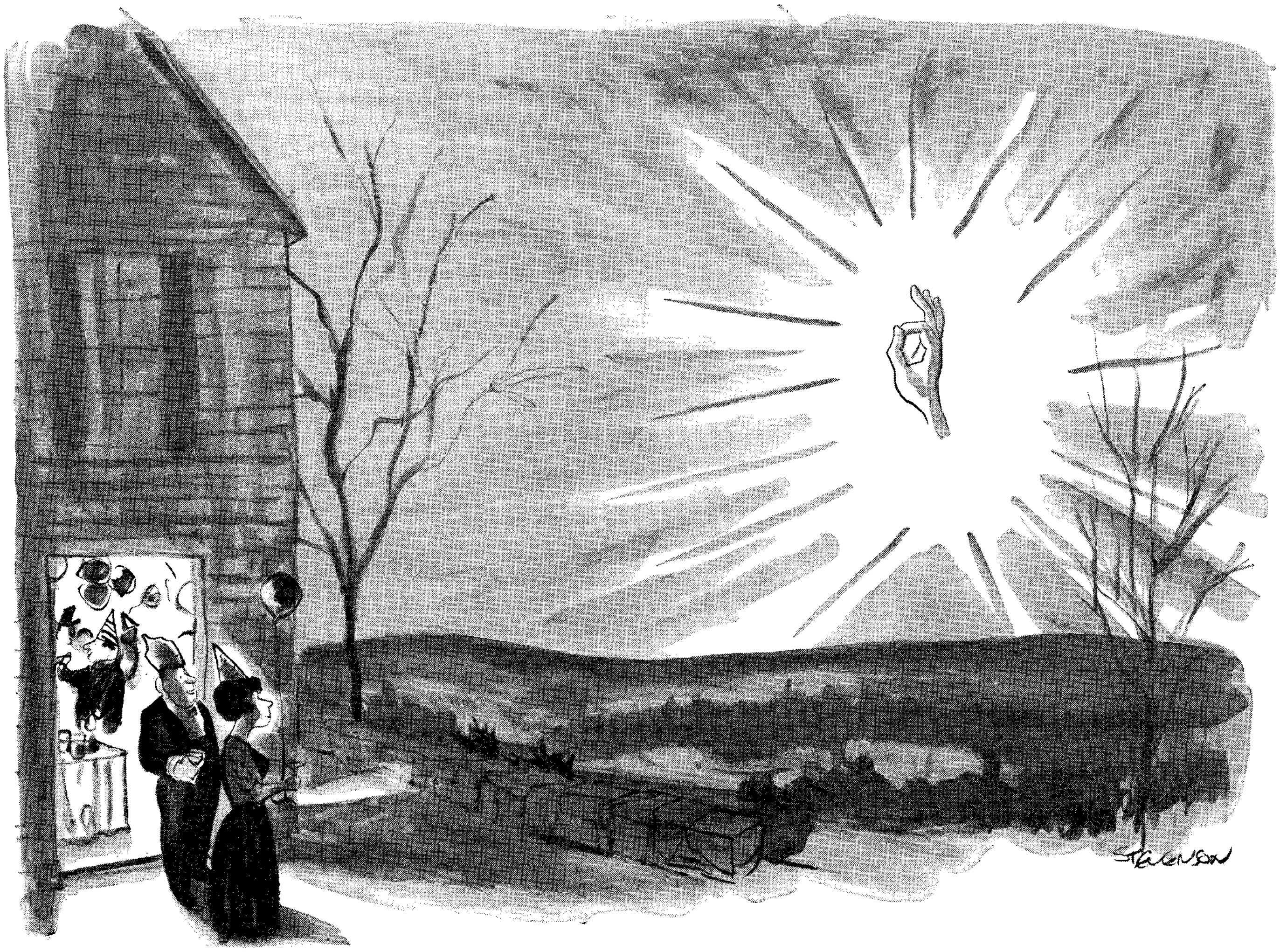


"Say, looks like 1966 may be a Happy New Year after all!"

• •

disservice if you underestimated them." Then he says, "I may have to cut this short, inasmuch as I'm expecting a couple of lads from the F.B.I. to drop by. I'm helping them out on a certain matter you'll be reading about someday." Next, he says, "A Marciano could never lick a Clay. You may disabuse yourself of that notion. Kid'd win it big." Finally, he says, "What I might as well tell you, as long as we're together, is that you're a cheapskate in considerably more meaningful terms than being a bad tipper, that you have no sense of social obligations, that you are rude—in the second dictionary definition—and that you have an upper-middle-class, upper-West Side, Jewish-Ethical Culture outlook."

"I hadn't realized that," Singer says.

"I'm amazed," Donohue says. "It's general knowledge. I venture to say I could, if you care, name twelve or fourteen people who are abundantly aware of it."

"Who?" Singer says.

"Eleanor Barker, for one," Donohue says.

"Eezie-Beezie?" Singer says. "I hadn't realized that, either."

"I had expected you to say, 'Well, that's the way I am,'" Donohue says. "Now I'm merely astonished. You're absolutely insistent on your right to be unaware, aren't you? Be that as it may, it no longer concerns me. I happen to have sufficient evidence to confirm my belief that I'm significantly on the move nowadays. I've been having dinner, with some frequency, with an attorney who sails with John Lindsay—you probably wouldn't recognize the name if I chose to disclose it, as he prefers obscurity—and only last week I met Bobby Kennedy at a cocktail party, and he listened quite closely for more than ten minutes to what I had to say. Very frankly, Julian, I don't think there's a place for you in my life any longer. You'll have to excuse me now. I have to make a few phone calls. I'm trying to get ahold of my architect. I might as well tell you, I'm opening a Cuppa East."

It's my fault for being swayed by popular opinion, Singer thinks. I hadn't realized how successfully I had forgotten him. Now, when he has made it clear that I should despise him, I know I will not be able to forget that I forgive him.

"What am I supposed to do about Julie's Continental Can?" Singer says. "I'm custodian under the New York Uniform Gifts to Minors Act."

"That's for you to decide," Donohue says. "Robert," he says to the machine man, "make Julian a nice cappuccino."

VII

WHILE Dr. Seidel, the dentist, is working on Anthony, Singer sits before an electric heater in the waiting room, reading *Photoplay*. His mother had taken him to Dr. Seidel (Uncle Harry) when he was Anthony's age, Singer remembers; the chart portraying the huge, ruined teeth (pyorrhea!), the view of the Hotel Ansonia, and Dr. Seidel's sweetened breath (ruby Lavoris) link Singer, inadequately, with Anthony. Dr. Seidel's dental assistant tells Singer that his mother had had the next appointment. "She had to cancel because of a conflict with her French lesson," she says. " '*C'est la guerre*,' Mrs. Singer said. I said, '*Quel dommage!* You'll be missing your son and your grandson.' She said to tell you both to wear something on your heads, as it was going to snow."

Somewhat later, Singer hears three anguished screams. He can't tell whether or not they are being uttered in a dream—has he fallen asleep?—but they are evidently calls for help to which he is not responding.

When Anthony comes out of Dr. Seidel's office, the remains of tears shine like scales on his cheeks.

"Did Uncle Harry hurt you?" Singer says.

"It's an imperfect world," Anthony says. "Us Jews were born to suffer."

"You're not Jewish," says Singer.

VIII

AFTER dinner, Singer plays the piano, largo, with a great deal of pedalling, while he sings Christmas carols with Anthony, although Christmas has passed.

> "Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
> On the Feast of Stephen;
> When the snow lay round about,
> Deep and crisp and even.
> Brightly shone the moon that night,
> Though the frost was cruel,
> When a poor man came in sight,
> Gath'ring winter fuel."

Ah, Singer thinks, as he pounds on, that "fu-oo-el" recalls old assemblies, descants, innocence, and so forth. For what may be the first time, Singer pays attention to the lyrics, and is greatly moved by the moral account of the monarch, page, and poor man.

"Please don't take any offense or anything, Julian," Anthony says, "but are you aware that you're crying?"

"I am?" Singer says.

"Are you tired of living, dearie?" says Anthony.

Singer turns from the music to look at Anthony, who steadfastly returns his gaze. He is acknowledging our secret, Singer thinks. He knows that we will never get together, that we will grow older, that we will grow farther apart.

IX

WHILE Anthony is taking his bath, the doorbell rings. Singer answers it; Mountjoy, Anthony's father, is in the vestibule. Mountjoy is no longer admitted to Singer's apartment. Bernice, the baby-sitter, who greatly outweighs Mountjoy, had wrestled with him when he arrived drunk one night while Singer and his wife were in Sunny Isles, in Florida, celebrating their first wedding anniversary. "Mr. Singer, Mr. Mountjoy got to pull himself together," Bernie Bear had said when the Singers came home. (What about my sober rages? Singer thinks. Am I being un-Christian?) Mountjoy is allowed to enter as far as the vestibule, where, as though in a kind of dingy lock, he has low (conspiratorial?) conversations with Anthony by the empty mailboxes.

Mountjoy is mantled with snow. He is carrying a stack of used books like firewood, keeping the topmost in place with his chin, so that his face is averted. The books are "Strait Is the Gate;" "Palgrave's Golden Treasury;" "Four Years in Paradise," by Osa Johnson; "Britain: An Official Handbook, 1962 Edition;" "Cuba: Prophetic Island," by Waldo Frank; "The Bridge of San Luis Rey;" and "Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary."

"But he's gotten his presents," Singer says, holding the door open with his hip to accept the sodden books. "Christmas is past."

X

"WHAT am I supposed to do with them?" Singer says, putting the books down on the coffee table, where a sansevieria is dying in a *chinoiserie* pot. "He said they were for Anthony, but Anthony can't read them, and this one no one's supposed to *read*." He thumbs through "Britain: An Official Handbook." "It's all about domestic hollow ware and Transport Users' Consultative Committees," Singer says.

Singer's wife takes it from him. She looks at the end papers, which have been defaced by a child with a purple crayon.

"What are *you* crying for?" Singer says. "What's wrong, Eezie-Beezie?"

"Whozie whatzie?" she says.

XI

SINGER answers the telephone.

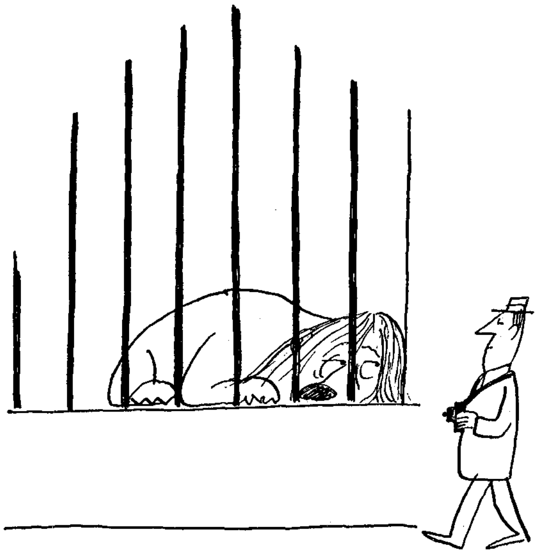
"Julian? Bruce. Binder."

"Yes."

"Julian, do you happen to recollect that particular topic we were discussing this morning?"

"Yes."

"Julian, it's been preying on my mind consistently. Do you think I should make an overt move or something, or let circumstances do with me what they may, or what?"



"That's for you to decide."

Singer sees a note on the pad by the telephone, which reads,

Singe-
r is a
lier
and
pennie-
less.

"Julian, am I rationalizing? Just tell me *that*."

XII

SINGER finds a second note stuck into the frame of his dresser mirror, where he used to keep Mrs. Barker's snapshot. It reads,

Life is
nothing
to you
realy.

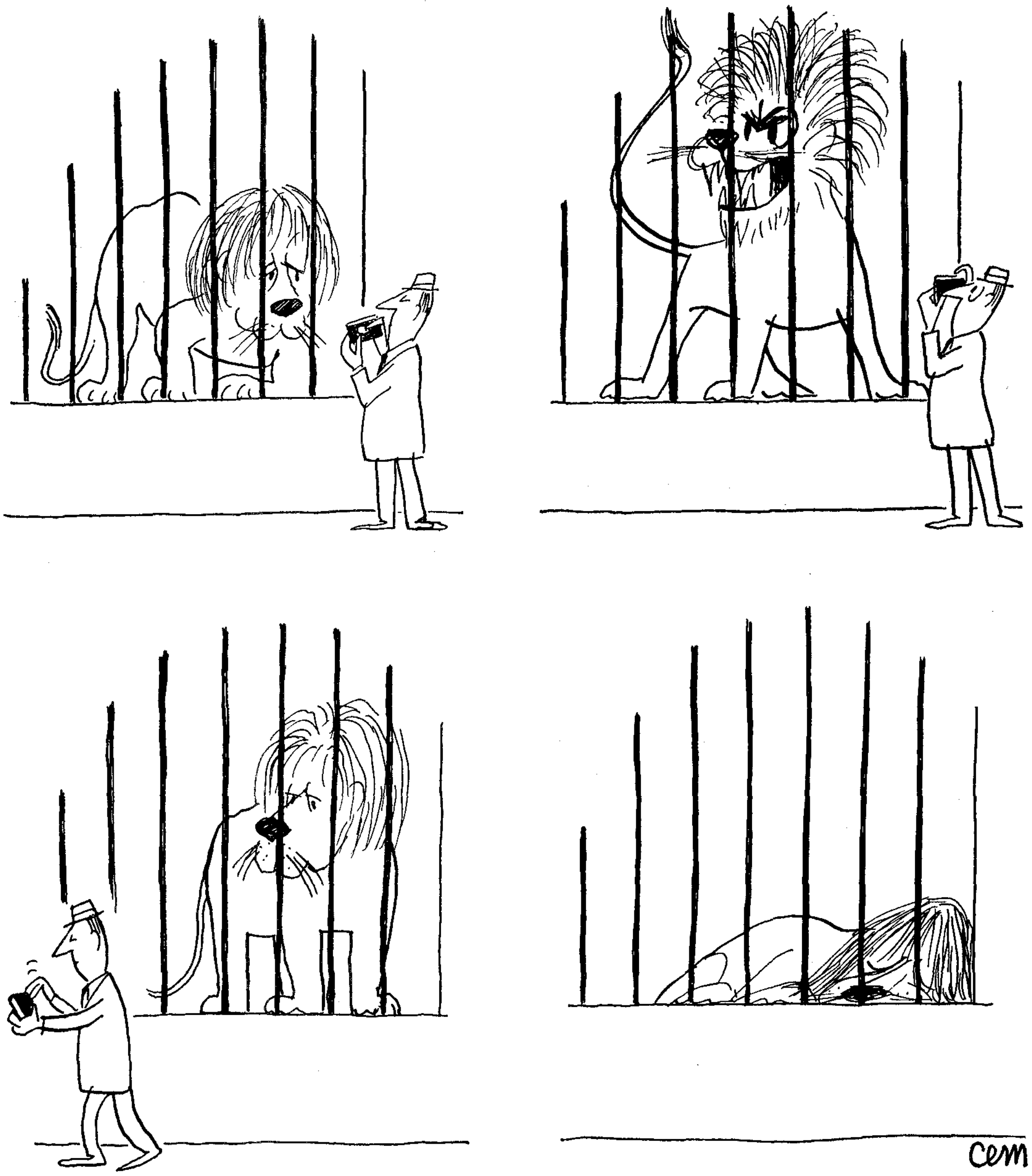
XIII

"ANTHONY, get out of that bathtub," Singer shouts before the bathroom door, and gets no reply. "Anthony, I'm telling you to climb out of that tub this instant. You've been in there forever." There is still no response. "If you don't come out by the time I count three, I'm coming in after you. One. Two. Two and a half. Two and three-quarters. Two and seven-eighths. Here I come, ready or not." Singer flings open the door. "Three!" Anthony is lying face down in the tub. "Anthony!" Singer cries, stooping. Anthony rises slowly out of the grimy water. He is wearing his blue snorkel and green mask, through which he looks at Singer, astonished.

XIV

AFTER Anthony is in bed, Singer gets a telephone call from Buddy Bloom.

"Julian. Buddy Bloom. Listen, Jul-



ian, Buddy wants you to do this contestant thing for him up here at the Plaza right away, *molto* quicko. We're in the midst of rehearsing my cockamamy game show. I've got to do a runthrough for the big *machers domani*, and there's a very real dearth of contestants. Everybody's letting me down like I'm a sinking ship or something. All I've got is Arnold."

"Arnold?"

"My mother's chauffeur. You'll meet him. He's delightful as a human being. Arnold drove Mother in from Westport to be a celebrity for me. Celebrities I've got. Moritz is a celebrity. Julian, Buddy needs you bad."

Singer takes a cab to the Plaza, and in Bloom's suite, with its extensive view of the snowy Park, is introduced to Arnold, the Negro chauffeur, and Mrs. Bloom.

Bloom says, "In the developmental phase, we're calling it 'So You Think You've Got Troubles.' "

"Buddy, it doesn't scan," Moritz says.

"Ritzie, I'm the first in my neighborhood to admit it," Bloom says. "Frankly, the show's derivative. We're liable to come up with television's lowest ebb, but we're satisfying the basic appeal of the game show—it has a basis in genuine reality. Wha' hoppen ees thees: the contestant has a problem, like Arnold's here is 'I'm in love with a woman, but I think she's after my money.' We have to exercise great care about the type problem. We don't want anyone appearing with a terminal case of medulla oblongata or anything. A guffaw about death is in very bad taste. The problem is flashed to the studio audience and to the mouth readers at home. Then the panel of celebrities tries to guess it, à la 'What's My Line?' The money is very little, and there's absolutely no quiz element at all in it."

"I was never personally involved with the little old organ-grinder, or whomsoever, on 'The $64,000 Question,' " Moritz says. "I mean, I find out you know more than me—than I?—I quit."

"Whether the panel guesses the problem or not, they give the contestant two, three minutes personalized advice and comfort," Bloom says. "I foresee a panel composed of a Dr. Joyce Brothers, a Helen Gurley Brown, maybe a Lenny Bernstein, for someone a little bit masterful."

"What's my problem?" Singer says.

"First of all, you're not you, for our purposes," Bloom says. "The way we do this is we give you a *nom de* show purely at random. Say, for convenience' sake, you're Humboldt Current or somebody, you're married, you have one child, and your trouble is 'I don't get along with my boss, but I can't afford to quit.' Julian, don't worry, it's going to be loads of fun. Just put yourself in Humboldt Current's shoes for five minutes, and remember, Buddy says, 'You're saving my life.' "

"This is all new to Arnold," Mrs. Bloom says in Singer's ear, nudging him with an elbow. "Look at him. He's getting a big kick out of it."

The panelists, Mrs. Bloom and Moritz, sit on a couch behind a coffee table. Bloom, the moderator, sits in a chair at one end of the couch, with an empty chair beside him for the contestants that Bloom indicates Singer should occupy.

"Blah, blah, blah," says Bloom. "And, blah, blah, blah. So you think *you've* got troubles! Just listen to our first contestant, Mr. Humboldt Current, who's married and has one child. How do you do, Mr. Current, and let me introduce our panel, blah, blah, blah."

Mrs. Bloom and Moritz fail to guess Singer's problem. Bloom tells it to them.

"Mr. Current," says Mrs. Bloom,

"To be may be reason enough for you to be, but to be isn't reason enough for me to be."

• •

"what sort of work is it you do?"

Ah, Singer thinks, I should have been thinking about that.

"I work in the flower shop here at the Plaza," Singer says after a moment. "We specialize in the centerpieces and other floral décor for the various functions here."

"I see," says Mrs. Bloom.

"Ma," says Bloom. "Sparkle, sparkle."

"Now, just what is it about this employer of yours that's causing you this distress?" Mrs. Bloom says.

"He's always picking on my creations," Singer says. "Like today, he said I was out of touch with mimosa."

"An aesthetic judgment," says Moritz.

"I'm terribly sorry," says Mrs. Bloom.

"Ma," says Bloom, "you've got to play for a few *farshtunkene* guffaws."

"Mr. Current, I don't think you have a problem," says Moritz. "I think you're being very immature and unduly sensitive. No offense, Mr. Current, but have you ever considered you might be a trifle paranoid? Buddy, can we go that far? What do you think?"

"This is all very amoebic, Ritzie," Bloom says. "We're groping for a shape here. Let it play."

"Perhaps your root problem, Mr. Current, is that, subconsciously or no, you're ashamed of your name," Moritz says. "Have you ever thought of changing it?"

"I wouldn't pursue that, Ritzie," Bloom says. "The name in this instance is purely fortuitous, an *entremets*."

"I think Mr. Current has a valid point about the mimosa," Mrs. Bloom says. "It's very delicate to handle, I so happen to know."

"I don't think Mr. Current has given his problem sufficient thought," Moritz says.

"Moritz, you're asking me to intellectualize when I feel it in *here*," Singer says, clutching his stomach.

"That's the zinger, Julian," Bloom says.

"Have you ever experienced some person yanking your mimosa out of your frog because he has no understanding?" Singer says. "What do you know about personal relationships? What do you know about the creative process? What do you know about art?"

"He's wonderful, Buddy," Mrs. Bloom says. "He's so overwrought. Arnold, pay attention. Remember when it's your turn. You *do* have a problem, don't you, Mr. Current?"

"I've got many problems, Mrs. Bloom," Singer says.

"Can I be of any help, dearie?" says Mrs. Bloom.

"We're not set up for that kind o colloquy in this particular show, Ma,' Bloom says. "Mr. Current, sincerely I'm sure the panel is only trying to help you, and that there's no personal animus involved whatsoever. Blah, blah blah. So you think *you've* got troubles Our next contestant has . . . You ge up now, Julian. Arnold, you come forward."

"I think you're going to have to rethink this, Buddy," says Moritz.

"That was a very poignant bit Juliar did with his stomach," Bloom says "Ooh, I felt it."

XV

BEFORE he goes to bed, Singer takes Josh and Jake, the dachshunds, for their walk. "My friends the dogs," he says, calling them so he can fasten their leashes. As is his custom, Singer intends to lead them down Sullivan, across Spring, past the lighted windows of the S. S. Bocce Social Club, Inc., and the Regular Republican Organization, Second A. D. West, to a place where a few meagre tufts of grass grow out of cracks in the sidewalk by the public scale. The snow has stopped, but the wind is blowing it about like spindrift, and the moon is revealed. Josh plunges off; Jake refuses to budge. Singer pulls on his leash, but Jake is adamant. "Now, Jakie, why can't you be a decent fellow and take an invigorating stroll with your brother and me—and I?" Singer says. Jake looks up at him. "God damn it, Josh, quit tugging," Singer cries, then gives a tremendous yank on Jake's leash. Before Jake's collar breaks, Singer, horrified, hears him choking. Singer drops to his knees in the snow. Josh, in the meantime, has wound his leash around the standard of a No Parking sign. All this, Singer thinks. It would never play. "Jakie, please don't run away," he says. Jake jumps up to lick Singer's face at the same instant that Singer reaches down to embrace him, with the result that Singer is struck a terrific blow in the left eye by Jake's nose, knocking him flat. Lying thus, embedded in the snow, quite out of sight, Singer is faintly aware that his face is being laved by the persistent strokes of the dogs' great, steaming, loving tongues. —GILBERT ROGIN

•

In a speech prepared for delivery on the Senate floor, Williams described this as a voluntary federal health protection program that would provide chronic illness for people past 65.—*Newark News.*

Now we're getting somewhere.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RENEWAL

ONE winter afternoon several years ago, a woman whom I shall call Mrs. Elizabeth Tooley entered the kitchen of a settlement house in the South End of Boston, all dressed up to attend one of the weekly tea parties that had been organized for old people in the area. She was a small creature in her late eighties, with a gnomelike face and a limp that gave her walk a cheerful little hop. She wore a faded blue silk dress, numerous bangles, and a black toque decorated with brilliants—a collection that had been gathered, like a great many of her possessions, I learned later, by frequent visits to the second-hand bargain counters at the Goodwill Industries shop of the Morgan Memorial. One of her first remarks to the company assembled for tea around a large table was that she was just beginning to realize how much junk she had collected during all her years in the South End. “And now seeing we’ve got to move, I don’t know where I’m going to put it,” she said.

Including Mrs. Tooley, a newcomer, there were now nine members of what was known in that settlement house as the Older Adults Group—seven women and two men. They were all in their seventies or eighties, and most of them were in poor health. Seven were living on old-age assistance, and neither of the two others could count on incomes of more than two thousand dollars a year. Four were foreign-born, and two were noticeably of Negro parentage. Except for an occasional visit, nearly all of them lived in isolation from their children or other relatives. In many respects, these nine old people (to all of whom I shall give fictitious names in this article) were typical of a large and rapidly increasing segment of the American population, the elderly poor. But what drew them together, and provided the main topic of conversation at their meetings, was a local situation that intensified every one of their other difficulties: They were all about to be moved out of their homes to make way for an urban-renewal project. The Boston Redevelopment Authority had already taken title to the Castle Square area, that part of the South End bounded by Castle, Tremont, Dover, and Washington Streets, and this entire neighborhood, in which Mrs. Tooley and the other members of the group had lived for twenty, thirty, or, in one case, nearly fifty years, was about to be obliterated. Officials of the Boston renewal program had adopted the slogan “Planning with People” to publicize their desire to avoid the rather inhuman procedures that had drawn criticism in previous attempts at city changing, and social workers attached to settlement houses were attempting to provide some moral support for impoverished and isolated old people who found themselves in the way of the bulldozers. As a group leader, I had the job of supervising trips to new neighborhoods and, as on the afternoon Mrs. Tooley joined us, encouraging the old people to talk about the difficulties that confronted them.

The conversation all through the afternoon centered upon the problems of living in a run-down neighborhood. The South End, with its many abandoned or substandard houses, its garbage-strewn empty lots, its dimly lighted and often unsafe streets, was not an attractive area. Moreover, the upheaval accompanying redevelopment had drawn into it an extra share of derelicts and thieves. Mrs. Molly O’Shea, who was too deaf to enter into the general conversation, complained loudly to Mrs. Janice Watson, a tall and timid woman, that the landlord of her building refused to turn on the lights in the hallways until 6 P.M., so it was impossible to see where you were going during the day. She added that a nephew, whom she described as “the one who is supposed to bury me,” had promised during his last visit to speak to the landlord about the lights, but that there had been no change.

Mrs. Watson, whose attention often wandered, remarked mildly that the drunks had made her miss her last two violin lessons.

“Drunks!” exclaimed Mr. Michael Dvorak, a retired ballet dancer who boasted that he had once performed with Pavlova back in Russia. “At two in the morning, I am going out to take my dog, Bonnie, for a walk, and in my hallways are so many drunks passed out that I must step over their bodies.” He illustrated his technique by turning sidewise in his chair and raising a long, thin leg.

Mrs. Maria Espagnola, a large-framed, dark-skinned woman from Nova Scotia, whose forebears included a number of immigrants from the West Indies, gave it as her opinion that nobody in his right senses would be abroad in Castle Square at two in the morning, and she launched into a lively monologue describing bloody attacks in alleys and doorways, and concluding with a full account of how, in broad daylight, a man had tried to snatch her pocketbook and she had struggled so vigorously to keep it from him that her arm was still black and blue. Mrs. Espagnola, whose great mass of black hair projected over dark, hawklike features and protruding teeth, contributed so much vitality to the afternoon’s discussion that it was hard to believe she was a very sick woman, who had to be helped over to the hospital to keep a clinic appointment every week by her best friend, Mrs. Viola Juarez.

Purse snatching, mugging, stealing of welfare checks, vagrancy, and vandalism were also conspicuous features of life on Mrs. Juarez’ block—a racially varied enclave of recent arrivals from the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands—and she now joined the discussion by describing how some teen-agers had beaten up old Jim, at the corner store, and had broken his big front window, scattering glass all over the street.

Mrs. Tooley, in reference to recent tabloid headlines, declared, with a mirthless chuckle, “We should all be careful about opening our doors from now on, for it may be the Strangler.”

Yet there was a mournful and a resentful tone in the voices of the Older Adults when they discussed moving, as if the destruction of dilapidated tenements threatened them, too. “You should see how the Renewal threw the people out of their apartments over by Our Lady of Pompeii a couple of years back,” Mrs. Milly Kirby said, with as much bitterness as she had ever been known to express. Mrs. Kirby used her apartment—a small and primitive one—to catch a few hours’ sleep at night, and spent her days walking to the home of one old friend after another in order to perform small acts of charity. “The people simply got a notice to be out in thirty days," she went on indignantly. "No moving money, no nothing!"

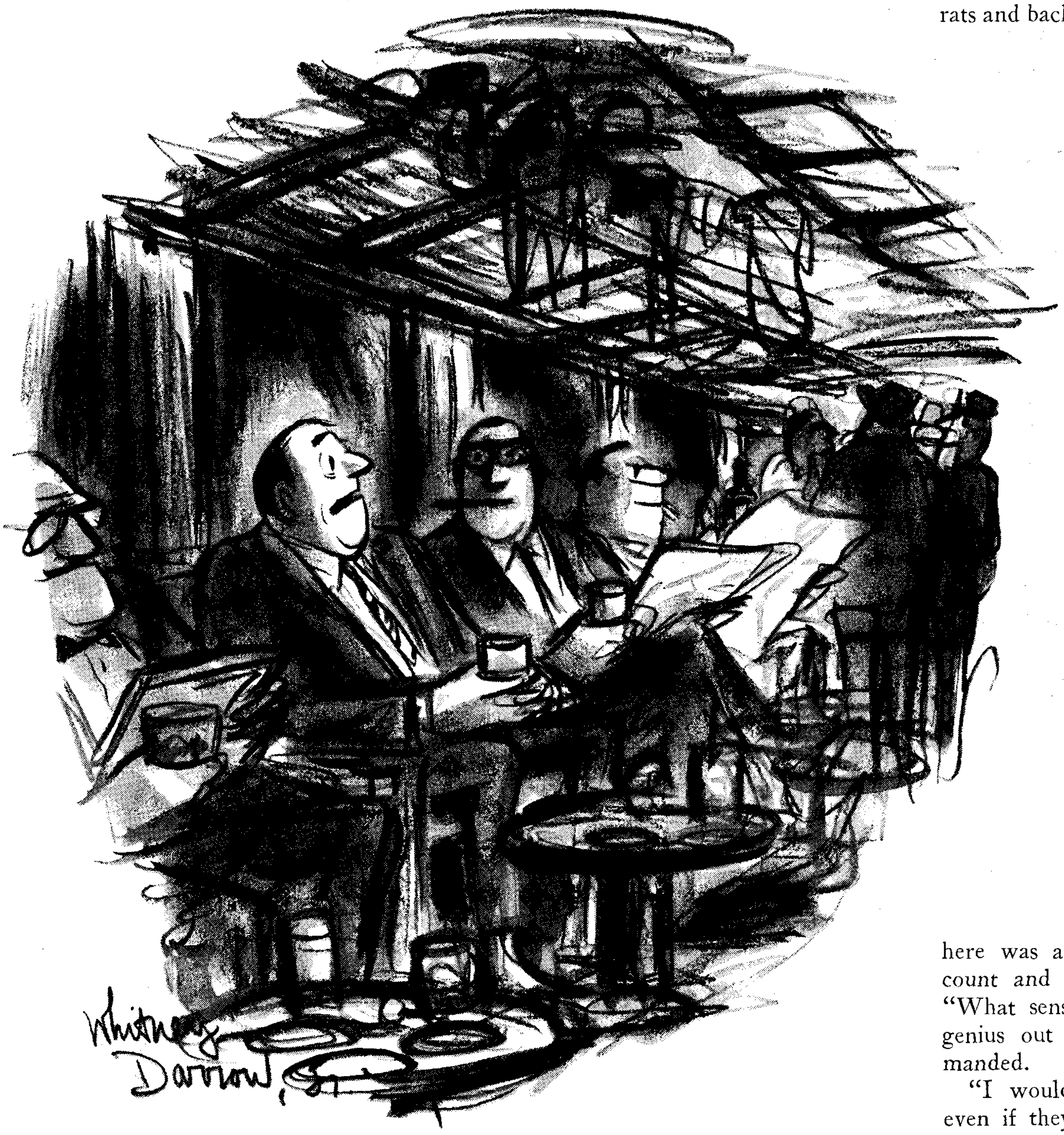
I pointed out that this time a moving allowance of up to two hundred dollars had been promised, and that a Residential Relocation Office had been set up by law to help everybody find "decent, safe, and sanitary" housing. But Mrs. Bessie Van Buren, recognized by all as the intellectual of the group, who was so severely crippled by arthritis that she could walk only with the help of leg braces and a cane, remarked that the commercial interests cared about nothing but space for office buildings and luxury apartments, and would just as soon do away with the old citizens while they were doing away with the old houses.

Mrs. Espagnola, who had been hunched grimly in her chair, suddenly burst out, "As God is my witness, you can't sleep at night with the buildings going down all around you!"

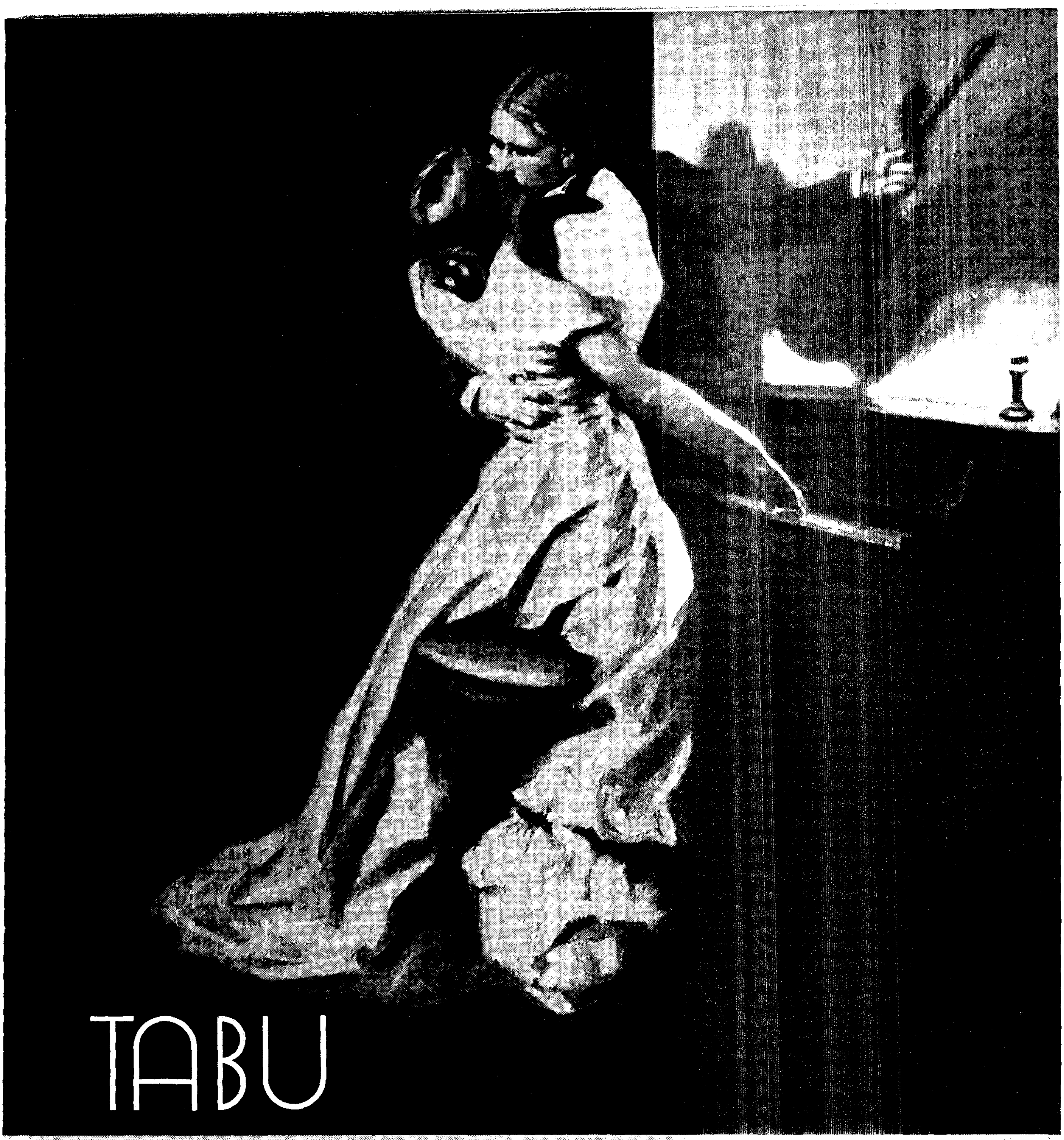
After my first two or three meetings with the Older Adults of Castle Square, I had come to realize that their fears involved something more tangible than the natural resistance of old people to change. For the cleaning up of slum areas does not necessarily improve the living standards of those who must move. Sometimes, in fact, such displaced persons find themselves paying larger rents for smaller quarters in buildings that are disintegrating even more rapidly than the ones they have been compelled to leave. Concern over this possibility was expressed by Mr. Albert Vovo, a short, dapper man who was known to be fonder of liquor than his doctor thought he ought to be but who was still able to earn fees as a magician. (He was known professionally as Vovo, the Human Volcano, because at the climax of his act he spouted smoke and sparks out of his mouth, followed by several yards of red-white-and-blue streamers.) Mr. Vovo pessimistically envisaged himself exchanging his present apartment, a large, sunny one, for a single dark cubicle in a run-down rooming house. Mrs. Van Buren, I knew, had three rooms at an especially low rent, because a tenant in a position to pay more might have complained about noises that the owner's slightly "strange" son occasionally made downstairs, and Mrs. Kirby, an indefatigable wood gatherer, kept warm in an unheated building by means of an old iron stove—an arrangement that, she liked to explain, not only made her feel cozy in the evenings but left her a few extra dollars for her charities. It was clear that the slums had provided, along with rats and backed-up drains, a freedom in which these underprivileged but often resourceful people could work out for themselves a delicate balance in satisfying their emotional and material needs. Not surprisingly, the standardization represented by more respectable neighborhoods made them uneasy. Nor were they drawn to the regulated monotony of public-housing projects.

"In projects they have this rule 'No animals allowed,'" Mr. Dvorak pointed out. "But I say, 'No dog, no Dvorak.' I'm just a wanderer, like all people in show biz, and Bonnie is my only friend. Without him, I am lost." Bonnie, a brown-and-white animal with a fair amount of fox terrier in him, chained by his leash to the leg of Mr. Dvorak's chair, barked his appreciation, and Mr. Dvorak informed the group that here was a dog trained not only to count and add but also to subtract. "What sense is there to keep such a genius out of the project?" he demanded.

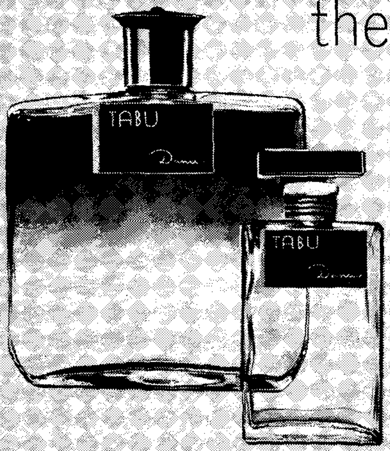
"I wouldn't move into a project even if they'd take me," Mrs. Espagnola declared emphatically. (Despite the law, non-whites seemed to have trouble getting admitted to many pub-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"The nightmare I had wasn't bad enough. Before I woke up, there was a video-tape replay!"



the 'forbidden' fragrance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PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP lic-housing projects in Boston.) “No, sir. In the project they’ll never give me two bedrooms, and what am I going to do with two sets of bedroom furniture? What would I do when my niece came to visit me—ask her to sit up in a chair all night? Why, I’d be crazy to go into a project.” She added, “And I’m half crazy already.”

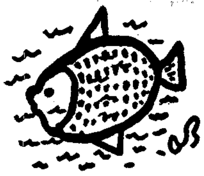
“Aren’t we all?” intoned Mrs. Tooley, with a mischievous smile.

The meeting was breaking up, but Mrs. Van Buren threw out a remark to the effect that even small two-bedroom apartments cost money these days.

“Why shouldn’t I have two bedrooms if I’m willing to go on doing without steam heat?” Mrs. Espagnola shot back. “And, anyway, if I’ve got to pay, I’ll pay—God forgive me for saying it!”

WHILE the other members of the group talked constantly as the weeks went by of what would happen to them when the time came to be uprooted, the future and its perils had little power to darken the spirits of Mrs. Tooley. Her attention seemed to be fixed passionately—almost unreasonably—upon the present. One afternoon, I found her standing on the sidewalk, her water-soaked hands as wrinkled as her face, as she looked up to the apartment from which she knew she would soon be turned out, admiring a row of windows, which she had just washed and polished until they shone in the sun. “You work until you’re tired, and then you feel you’ve done something,” she said.

Her hopping limp, the result of a badly healed broken ankle, already bore witness to the fragility of her bones, yet she was forever going out in all kinds of weather to look for bargains. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear that during one of her forays—in this case, to rescue what she called “a perfectly good tomato” from a garbage can outside a grocery store—she had slipped on the ice and broken her hip. Doctors told her that she would probably be an invalid for life, but a social worker who had occasion to visit her while she was in the hospital told me that he had found her hunched up in a bed near an open window, declaring loudly, “I can’t stand it here with all these dying people. I just have to get out.”



In the meantime, the housing authorities got in touch with a woman who seemed to be her nearest relative in the city, the estranged wife of a seldom seen nephew, and asked her to pack up the old woman’s belongings. Immediate necessities were sent to the hospital in two suitcases, but Mrs. Tooley’s place was found to be piled high with letters, photographs, newspaper clippings, old clothing, cushions, bedcovers—in other words, the accumulation of a lifetime. It is not exactly clear who ordered that these miscellaneous possessions be disposed of, but one day the whole lot was thrown into a garbage truck and hauled away. This event was reported to me by several of the women in the Older Adults Group who had observed it on their way to the settlement house for another tea, and it clearly made a deep impression on all of them. “What’s a broken hip to the Renewal?” Mrs. Kirby kept asking.

The morning Mrs. Tooley was finally discharged from the hospital, she returned, with no forewarning of any sort, and discovered the loss for herself. All that day, she sat on the steps of the settlement house protesting hopelessly to anyone who would listen that everything she owned—including her dead son’s baby pictures—had been “cleared out by the Renewal.” At nightfall, still grieving, she went back to the empty apartment and stayed there, waiting for another place to turn up at a price she could afford.

One day, while she was having a nap, men came and padlocked and boarded over the front door of the condemned building, and just at dusk, when she woke up and tried to open the door to let a cat out, she found herself imprisoned, alone in the echoing tenement.

“What did you do?” I asked her the next time I saw her.

“I called out through the window,” she said. “There were some people down the street at George’s Variety, and they said they’d go for help. George hollered not to be afraid. ‘We’ll get you out,’ he said. And he did, too, and the firemen as well. They broke the boards and the padlock, and all the neighbors gathered around, and there was a police officer helping me down the stairs with his arm around me. What a handsome young man he was!”

Mrs. Tooley had to move then, of course, and I did not run across her again for several months, after the Older Adults Group had been disbanded and I was assigned to different work in a different area. Then I met her unexpectedly near the Salvation Army Building, on Berkeley Street, one day at about twelve-thirty. It was

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snowing, and she had her head bent into the wind as she moved along in her determined hop and hobble. Against the weather she had only a short jacket, transparent galoshes over a pair of white summer shoes, and a brown felt beret decorated with a halo of artificial daisies.

"Well, fancy, it's you," she replied to my greeting, peering at me a little uncertainly through clouded blue eyes. "Isn't that a surprise! I've been wondering about you. Step in here and have some lunch with me. It's free, you know."

I told her I had already eaten, but let her lead the way into the Salvation Army Building, through a door decorated with a plaque bearing an eagle and the motto "Blood and Fire."

"Of course, it's not entirely free," she went on. "There's a piggy bank in the shape of an owl on the table, and you're supposed to donate whatever you can. Some won't give a dime to save their lives." In the elevator, she pressed the button with an expression of delighted terror and, as the cage began to move, said, "Here we go!"

In the dayroom of the Salvation Army's Golden Age Day Center—a large, clean room, with a linoleum floor, that was brightly but coldly lighted by bare fluorescent tubes—twenty or thirty elderly men and women were reading papers or magazines or playing cards or checkers or dominoes. "Some of these women will sit around playing silly games all day," Mrs. Tooley informed me in a whisper. "I'd rather read, or study some new words, but they're always blabbing. Then we all pile in to eat when the food is served. Lordy, what a sight we all must make!"

"Do you still see any of the old crowd at the settlement house?" I asked her.

"Well, I do go there," she said vaguely. "But not so much, of course. Everything's been torn down around there, you know. A terrible mess. I can't even tell where my house was anymore." The thought seemed to sadden her momentarily, but her small face was soon gay again, and she said, "I've got a lovely room on the top floor in Montgomery Street, all the same. There's no fridge is the only trouble." She gave me a conspiratorial nudge. "Weather like this, of course, I keep my milk on the window sill."

"Did you consider going into a project?" I asked. Residents of the Castle Square area had been given priority for any public-housing vacancies, and since Boston's over-all urban-renewal pro-

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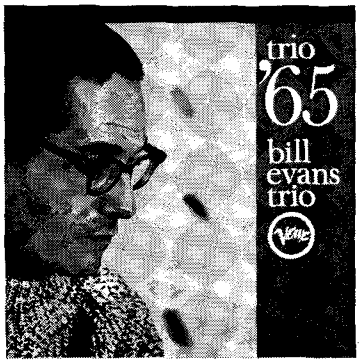

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gram was just starting then, she would have a good chance of getting an apartment, especially if she were willing to move into one of the larger projects far away from the South End.

"Those places remind me too much of the poor farm," she said. "Some of them are just like old folks' homes. I don't want to be around old fogies all the time. I want to be out where I can see some smart people."

A clear-skinned young woman in a white uniform with two bars on the collar announced that there would be roast beef, boiled potatoes, salad, jello, and coffee for lunch. Before I left, Mrs. Tooley gave me her address, and I promised to drop in on her when I was in the neighborhood.

MRS. WATSON, Mrs. Juarez, and—despite her low opinion of such places—Mrs. Espagnola had moved into the Cathedral Project, as it is called, which stands between Harrison Avenue and Washington Street, near Franklin Square, and one day I went to see how Mrs. Espagnola was getting along there. An institution of unrelieved yellow brick, flanked by the Washington Street "L," it houses about two thousand low-income tenants, some of whom represent what social workers call "behavior problems." After passing through painted steel doors that were scratched across from top to bottom with names and words, I had to search for some time among rows of battered and defaced mailboxes before I found Mrs. Espagnola's apartment number. Out of consideration for her poor health, she had been given a small apartment on the ground floor; it didn't have the two bedrooms she had said she would insist upon, but, for a rent of forty-seven dollars a month, including light and gas, it was otherwise quite satisfactory.

"Thank God you've come!" she said, in her dramatic way. "What a time we had after you left! It got worse and worse, with the boys from East Boston breaking the windows, and George's store condemned after one side of it caved right in on the groceries. Am I glad to be here! I know I used to talk against the project, but you've got to admit it's like a palace."

After I had looked around and complimented her, we sat on a couch, facing a small shelf on which stood the room's principal decoration, a china shepherd holding a lamb. "It's not the first place I was, you know," she said. "First, they sent me up to Lenox Street." She was referring, I understood, to another project, about ten blocks away, where the demolition of tenements had produced further crowding in a predominantly Negro neighborhood. "There were so many ignorant people there, all colored—hardly any whites at all," she went on, with distaste. Mrs. Espagnola considers herself colored or not colored according to her inclination of the moment. "There was knives and drinking and hollering in the nighttime, and if you wanted to complain, you couldn't see the boss except on rent day. I never been in such a place. They'd put a noose around your neck. I'd sit right there if the bell rang and never open that door. I may be crazy, but I'm not going to die before my time. I'm smart on that."

Apparently, Mrs. Espagnola's complaints were what had impelled the authorities to let her move from one project to another, and now she was relatively content, although it seemed to me that, for a naturally sociable woman, she had drawn into herself considerably. This large, strange building was not at all like the small, crumbling tenement where she had lived before, and had known all her neighbors. "I sit and rest myself," she told me. "I used to go up and down in elevators and run them as good as any man—but now I won't even step in the things. I don't want anyone—only my few friends."

Mrs. Juarez, who lived in another wing, stopped by frequently, I gathered. "She's got her grandson with her now, the deaf one," Mrs. Espagnola said. "He couldn't stand it in the public school, all quiet around him, with even the teacher's back to him at the blackboard, so he couldn't lip-read. He dropped out before high school, and nobody knew what to do with him. He does odd jobs and looks after his grandmother. They look after each other."

I asked how Mrs. Watson was getting along, and Mrs. Espagnola made a face to indicate that things could be better. "Nobody cared about it in the old place before the Renewal, but here they make fun of her if she talks to herself or forgets her address, or anything like that. She plays her violin. Like the rest of us, she stays home most of the time and keeps the door locked."

At that time, the goal of many elderly Bostonians with limited means was to get one of the ninety-six apartments in the William J. Foley Project, a new building, overlooking the water in South Boston, that was designed specially for such tenants, and since four of the Older Adults—Mrs. Van Buren, Mrs. O'Shea, Mr. Vovo, and Mr. Dvorak—had made the grade, I decided to pay a call there, too. The V-shaped building rises abruptly at H and Eighth Streets out of a flat, drab section along the inlet known as Old Harbor. Its architecture is modern, and on the attractive façade green and blue panels alternate with windows from which each tenant has at least some view of the water. Mrs. Van Buren, wearing a dark dress and a string of pearls, and with her cane by her side, was seated in a bright downstairs clubroom, where she was serving as temporary librarian for the Bay View Senior Citizens' Association. There were a number of well-dressed women with carefully waved gray hair in the room, and occasionally one of them would return a book to Mrs. Van Buren's table or speak to a woman at another table who was taking names for a specially arranged Senior Citizens' Trip to the World's Fair. At the piano sat a young man, and after protesting, in vain, "I'm only waiting here for Mama," he was prevailed upon to sing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." He was, I learned, one of the nine sons of a Mrs. Kelly, on the first floor.

After a while, Mrs. Van Buren got up—stiffly and painfully, because of her arthritis—and accompanied me upstairs in a smart royal-blue elevator and then along carefully graded ramps for a look at her small but very pleasant apartment. The bathroom was equipped with handrails, and there was a bell cord for emergencies. "This is the place, all right," she said with satisfaction. "In fact, I sometimes wonder how I got in. They say you have to know somebody. Most of the people here are Irish Catholics who have lived in South Boston all their lives. An outsider and, what's more, a Protestant like me is pretty rare. I sit down quietly with my cane, and don't mingle."

Mrs. Van Buren, who had formerly earned a precarious living by selling trays she had painted and out-of-the-ordinary old buttons she had tracked down in second-hand-clothing stores, had at last been compelled to go on old-age assistance. She told me this left her pretty well off, since she was still allowed to take in a small amount each year from her two hobbies. She was paying only forty-five dollars a month for her apartment, she went on, and four dollars and sixty cents for her

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telephone, which she regarded as a necessity to keep her in touch with the outside world. Mrs. Van Buren knew what had become of all the Older Adults except Mrs. Kirby, who seemed to have disappeared after being sent to Columbia Point, one of the older and drearier projects—it was rumored that for some reason the tireless doer of good works was using another name—and I was given a complete rundown on the three others who had been accepted at the William J. Foley Project.

The usual regulations had been suspended in the case of Mr. Dvorak's mathematically talented dog, but because the other tenants had complained that Bonnie made messes in the elevator, Mr. Dvorak had departed with his pet for New Jersey to patch things up with his wife, from whom he had been divorced in 1933 but who, it seemed, owned a house with a large yard in Clermont. Mrs. O'Shea was in a nursing home recovering from an operation for cataracts, which had been only partly successful. Apparently, she was to be blind as well as deaf, and there was not much likelihood that she would ever return to her new apartment, which she had enjoyed for only a few weeks. And Mr. Vovo was dead. According to Mrs. Van Buren, the move had simply been too much for the old magician's heart, and he had been found one morning slumped in his chair, his head fallen to one side.

"One of the ladies had a stroke here not long ago, and they didn't find her until she was all black and blue four days later, and then it was only because her sister called up and got no answer," Mrs. Van Buren told me. "I had another friend here who had two kinds of heart trouble, and she dropped dead just as she was about to make herself a cup of tea. But they found her almost straightaway, because the kettle was still whistling." Mrs. Van Buren gazed thoughtfully ahead of her. "So many of us die off," she said. "There have been six since January, and it seems to happen just as you get to know people. Sometimes I think it's unnatural, herding us all together this way. It's discouraging to be around death all the time. Even though you know you've got to die yourself, you don't like to be reminded of it every minute."

IN "The Other America," Michael Harrington has described how social forces in the United States have tended to integrate the poor with the poor, and the old with the old. At all events, I found myself grateful to Mrs. Tooley for having resisted adding her own gray head to that ocean of gray heads in the William J. Foley Project, and one warm spring day I started up Montgomery Street to look for her rooming house. I didn't have to look far, for there she was, sitting on the steps, surrounded by parcels. She was wearing a brown-and-white checked dress, and at her throat was a large brooch edged with crochet. A black straw hat to which a scrap of fur had been added was cocked back briskly on her thin white hair, and her gnomelike features were set off by a pair of white bone earrings.

It was a bad day for her. "Everything aches," she complained. "My old ankle aches, and I have bunions from wearing second-hand shoes." It was also a day when she had been thinking about the past, about how many of her friends were dead already, and about how lonely she found herself without them. She had been married twice, I learned, and it was her first husband who had been named Tooley. "Tooley and I got along real well," she said, "but when he died I met this Italian boy—on Atlantic Avenue where you buy baked lobster. Eight years younger than me he was, and yet the very next day he took me to the Brockton Fair. He had black eyes and wavy black hair—wavy as a roller coaster—and just to touch it would sure make a woman dizzy. Yes, but he was uncontrollable. He liked all the women, and all the women liked him." Her voice trailed off. "He wasn't a good provider, and when he saw that I wanted to make a change, he broke into my room and took some of my money and jewelry. I haven't seen him for twenty-three years."

She had spread out a newspaper beside her for me to sit on, and she explained that she had just come back from shopping and hadn't got her breath to climb the stairs yet. Her purchases included five bananas, a marked-down box of strawberries, and an ice-cream sandwich, which she was just finishing. "The oranges have hard skins this year," she said. "It wears me out to peel them. So I was extravagant this morning. But I do like my fruit."

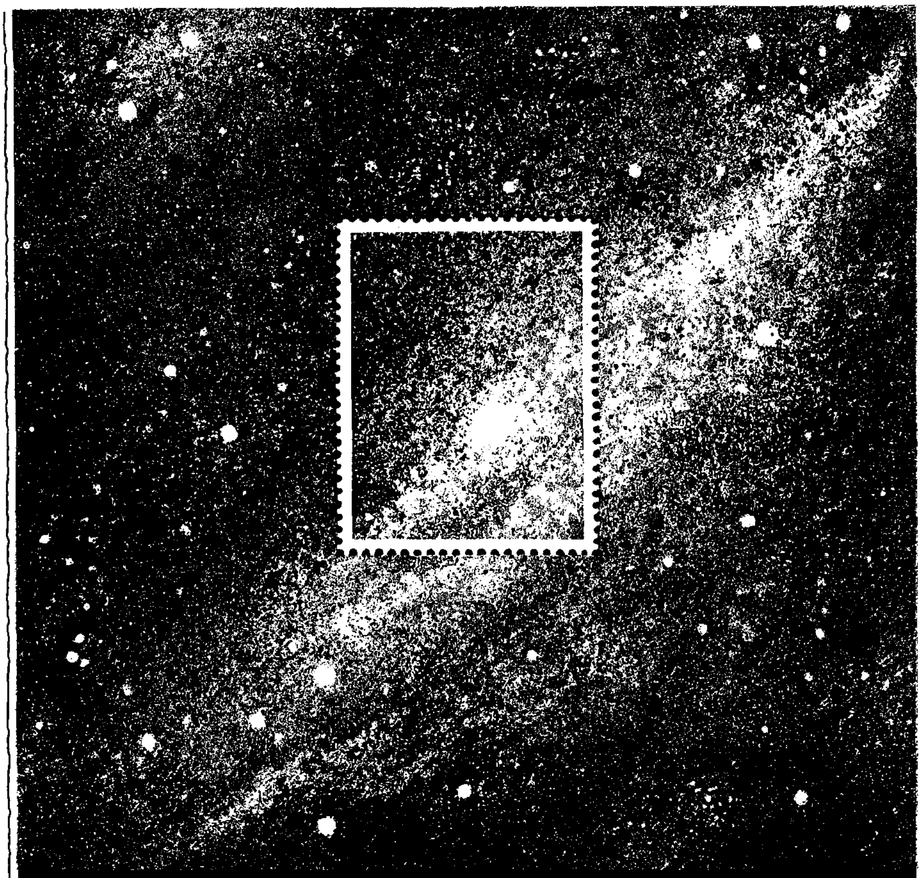
I remarked that she was looking well, and she said, "I've dwindled a bit. Perhaps I don't eat enough vegies. But it's too much trouble cooking vegies for one person. I just don't let myself get really sick. Who wants to go over there and hang around the hospital all day?"

It appeared that she was not going to invite me up to see her room, so I asked her if she found it comfortable. "Well, I'm cooped up, with no cross breeze, but I like the view—it's kind of clean and open," she said, gesturing over the low roof of an elementary school across the street to the John Hancock Building and the new Prudential Tower. "The sunset from my window is something handsome. And at night I can see a red sign on one of those buildings blinking on and off. When that light goes off for good, I know it's 2 A.M. I lie awake a lot at night thinking. I'm an awful thinker and planner."

When I asked her what she had been thinking about recently, she set her old jaw and said, "That girl who let them ransack me and throw everything out. I lay there last night wishing bad luck on her and asking God to have her punished. There was money missing, too, you know. Some of it was to go to the Church of All Nations and some to my sister-in-law for her little boy. The child's name is Ed, after my brother—the one who drank—but I've got no money for him now. And then I got to pondering about where I'll find another room for nine dollars a week after they sell the house, which they surely will. All these houses are being sold because of the Renewal, and there's nobody else here now but me and the lady on the first floor. She's a cripple, you see, and a mental case as well. The truth of the matter is she can't move. She just sits there all day in that chair, with her thin legs hanging over, waiting for a hired woman to come in and feed her. I'd like to give her an orange, perhaps, on a hot day, but I'm afraid she'd choke. My land! One day, I came home and she was lying flat on the floor. I tried to get her up, but I couldn't lift her. She's a tall lady. I don't know what God can be thinking of sometimes, letting people fly all over in jets and leaving that one to sit there dying by inches."

Shaking off her indignation, Mrs. Tooley went on in a more matter-of-fact tone, "Thinking makes me restless. I can't lie still, and I begin to perspire. At daylight, I get up and make a pot of tea for myself, and a little later, around seven or eight, I'll have a nice dropped egg on toast. And then I'm out on the streets and into the stores."

I said that she must have found it difficult to set up housekeeping again after



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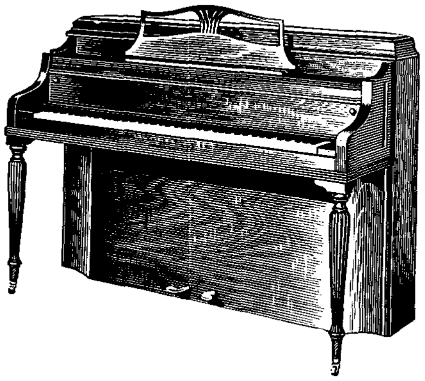

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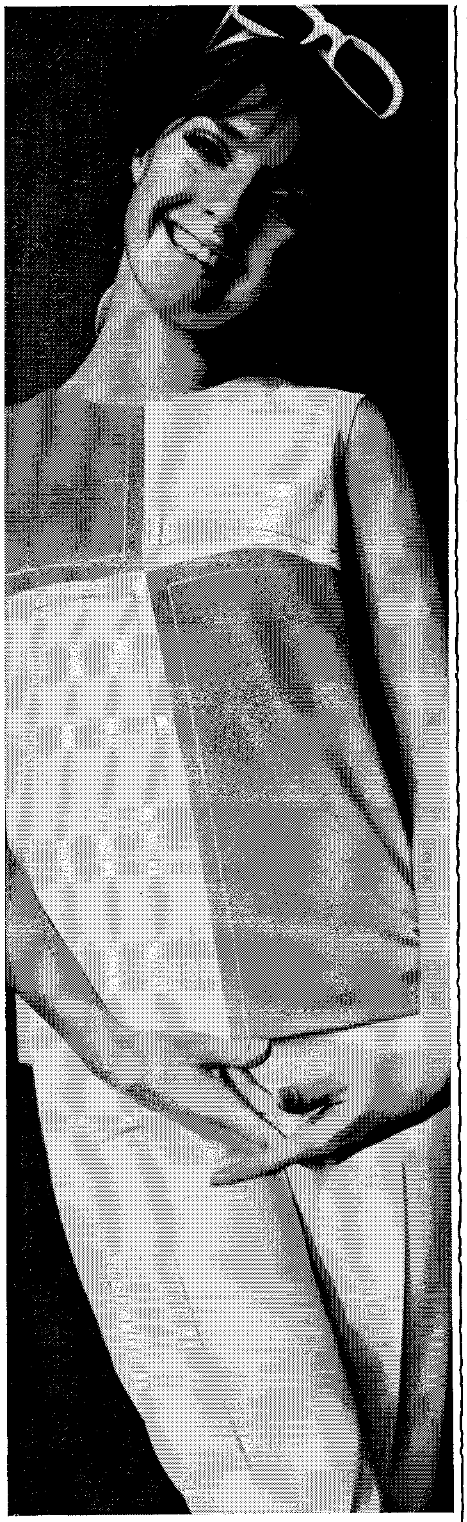

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the loss of all her household furnishings.

"Why, I had nothing left at all," she said, scandalized. "No table runners, nothing. Look here at what I got this morning—a summer vest, a slip, two handkerchiefs, and a doily, all for ten cents. I'll crochet an edge on the doily, I think. I crochet edges on everything." She laughed. "Oh, I buy trash and I know it. I was a fool the other day at Raymond's. I came away with three different kinds of deodorant and a dozen cakes of soap at a sale they were having. There's only one of me, and I don't use a cake of soap in two months. I tell you, I often go off and buy something just to keep my mind busy."

I asked her what else she did to keep her mind busy.

"Well, I don't like the movies much, especially those free movies they show at the clubs," she said. "Sitting in those stiff chairs, it gets tiresome to my back. A while ago, of course, I'd always be going to the old settlement house on Wednesdays to dance—because I used to be a lovely dancer—but, you know, they don't improve at all. After ten years, they were still doing the Virginia reel and still making the same mistakes. You'd think they might progress to the Charlestown Wiggle, or something." She sighed. "My, what an age we are all getting to be! They had a cake for three of us down there at the old settlement house, and I had forgotten about the whole thing and just happened to stop by, in an old house dress. Lordy, there they were calling my name, and I was acting like a spoiled child—pulling away and refusing to go in! I don't like birthdays. Why, even when you have a bank account they want to know how old you are. Of course, it's nice to have somebody make a fuss over you, all the same. There's an old colored man at another place I go, the Ellis Memorial—it's mostly for men, but they let us in for supper and movies—and he sort of likes me, because I got a big birthday card from him with gold lace around it. You should see it."

A man on crutches went by, and Mrs. Tooley broke off to remark that he ought to put those crutches away before he got too used to them.

"But if I was to tell you what really takes me into the clubs and the centers and the Senior Citizens' groups," she resumed, with a sad little laugh, "it's not always the entertainment. When I'm out and about, I can't seem to last very long without having to stop at a toilet, and I do hate to pay a dime for it. I'm even getting too old to get into the bathtub, and there's never any hot water here in the house, anyway. So I carry a towel and a bar of soap with me, and I try to get a good wash wherever I happen to be. No, sir, for entertainment I can do without a whole roomful of people blabbing about how sick they are and who's dead now, let me tell you."

Her eyes brightened, and she poked me lightly in the ribs. "You know what's fun?" she said. "Well, I used to hate Sundays, and dread them all week long. Everything's closed, and I can't hear much in church these days anyway. But where I go now—you'd never guess—is the Greyhound Bus Terminal, over on Stuart Street. You can get a nice cupcake and coffee around at Hayes Bick, and watch the people coming and going every minute—to Maine and New Hampshire and New York and Philly and I don't know where. An active place, that's what I like."

THE next time I ran into Mrs. Tooley, early in the summer, she told me she was worried that public life seemed to be slipping away from her. She liked to read the paper every day and try to keep up with things. "But those newspapers are like some people I know," she complained. "Always reporting disasters and hurricanes and murders and bad news. Why, there's been no nice bright things for a long time." She was on her way to Church Street, where she wanted to see a man at the Welfare office, and she asked me if I would go along with her. The hop and the hobble were slower now, and before long she stopped, looking exhausted. "This can't go on forever," she said. "I'm getting so I perspire at the least effort. An orange fell off my window sill yesterday and I couldn't find it. I drop my keys and pick them up, and damned if I don't lose them again in two minutes. I ought to be in a circus."

At the Welfare office, when we finally found the man she was looking for on the second floor, he greeted her with a brisk "You're a month too early." And it did seem that her visit was unnecessary, if not definitely unwelcome to the man in charge of her case. "We try to see them every couple of months," he explained to me over her head. "That's about as often as we can make it, carrying caseloads of two hundred and more." When I asked why the Welfare people bothered looking up their clients at all, he replied succinctly, "Because of the checks. To make sure they're alive and kicking."

On the way home, Mrs. Tooley told me that she had given her body to science. "I wrote to Harvard and they sent me a nice letter back," she said. "Of course, the undertaker's already had two hundred dollars on my burial, but you have to pay them so much a week for years and years, and who wants to go through all that monotony? I'd rather be some use to somebody. *They* know all about it, and I have their word they'll get in touch with Harvard for me." I gathered that by "they" she meant the officials of the Welfare office we had just left, the indifferent strangers who, for an increasing number of people nearing the end of their lives in our society, take the place of church, neighbors, friends, and family.

When we were a block or so from her house, Mrs. Tooley announced that she had to stop and feed the pigeons, and from her voluminous bag she produced a loaf of bread, which she told me she had discovered on the pavement the day before with only a few slices gone. "The police try to stop us from looking after the poor things, but I don't see what right they have," she said. "The city thinks it can get rid of all the pigeons and the stray cats and dogs and winos and bums. 'Move along,' they say, as if that's all there is to it." She explained that she also put out water for the birds, and she pointed to the window of her room where three handkerchiefs were hanging out to dry. "My, but they do get thirsty, poor things," she said. "I had to fill that water container four or five times this morning. There's one little sick bird, and I gave him some of my corn muffin. I guess I cater to him because he's lame like I am."

On a tiny cement island opposite the Baptist church where Montgomery Street enters Tremont, dozens of pigeons flew down from their perches in the single tree there when Mrs. Tooley arrived with her stale bread. Some of the bolder birds sat on her arms, on her shoulders, even on her hat, and the strenuous beating of wings all around her, nearly obliterating her small figure, caused her to cry out with delight.

—JOAN COLEBROOK

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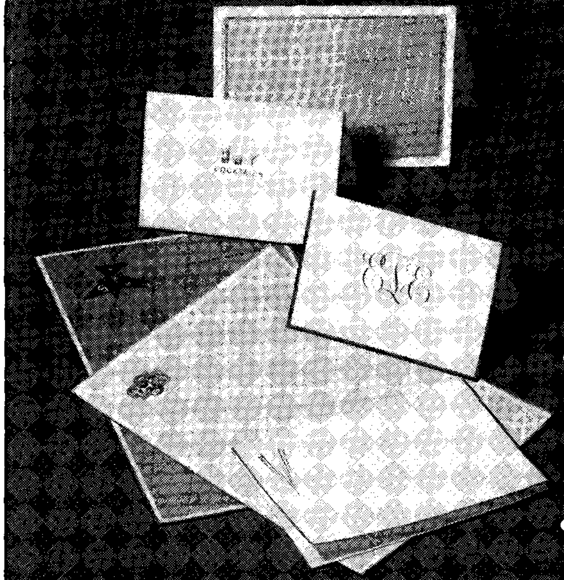

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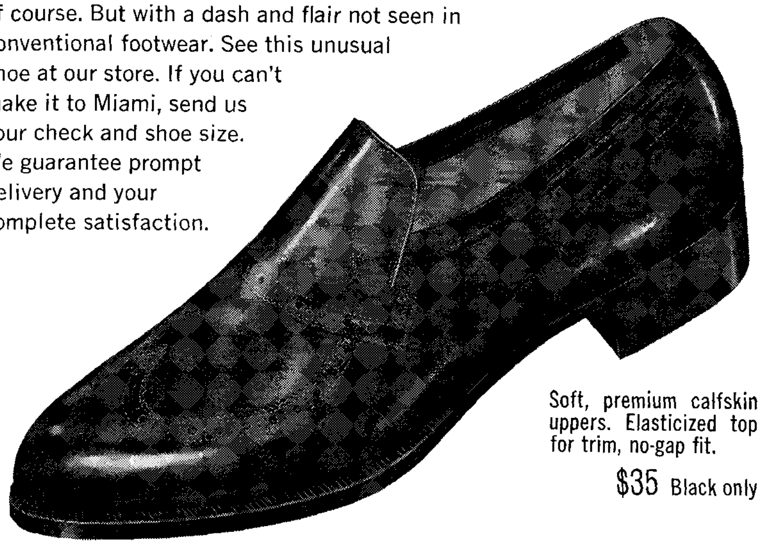

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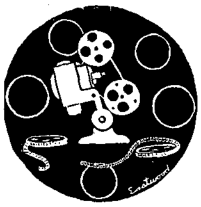
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Action Is Character

"THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD" is in every respect an admirable translation to the screen of the fantastically popular thriller by John le Carré. There being something like seventeen zillion copies of Mr. le Carré's work in print, I need say little more about it than that its success springs, in my opinion, from the unusual combination of a pleasingly intricate plot—our expectations are outwitted not once but several times—and a deliberately unpleasing milieu, which the author sketches with an air of weary distaste. To betray one's comrades for pay, which is what the ordinary government spy agrees to do, is, Mr. le Carré convinces us, a morally damaging as well as an extremely dangerous way to earn a living, and the odds are that one's shabby soul will gutter out even before one's body. In turning the novel into a movie, Martin Ritt, the director, Paul Dehn and Guy Trosper, the screenwriters, and Oswald Morris, the director of photography, have all been resolutely faithful to the pervasive grayness of Mr. le Carré's landscape; the country of the spy is no country for the young or the happy, and nobody in it can hope to grow old, and to convey these sorry truths the movie, like the novel, falls back upon climate, matching the pinched bleakness of bad weather to the bleak emotions of its chief characters. As we watch them moving at their peril among unknown enemies, through rainy streets in the dead of night, we perceive that the sun would wither them, warmth freeze their bones. Valor, cunning, stamina—the virtues that, exemplified in other novels and movies of the genre, produce in us a feeling of exhilaration—are shown here as the merest commonplaces, necessary and yet irrelevant, because they belong equally to friend and foe. It says much for Mr. Ritt's skill as a director that we find reason for exhilaration elsewhere—even in the profound depression of the movie's hero, Alec Leamas. He is a man at the end of his tether, sunk in gloom, but we rejoice to share his gloom; we look forward with a bizarre eagerness to his next wretched misadventure.



As the burnt-out hero, Richard Burton is superb. He has shaken off the lethargy with which he approached his past movie roles, and has made himself over into Leamas by some secret process of shrinkage and premature aging; the result is a masterly portrait of a small, sagging, exhausted, and embittered man. It is the function of Claire Bloom, as the heroine, to be warmhearted and obtuse, and it is a lucky thing for the movie that someone of her beauty and intelligence was available for the part; she makes the girl's Marxist rigor bearable and, in her person, gives us the measure of how much poor Leamas has lost in his despair of ever loving anyone. On the enemy side, or seemingly so, are Oskar Werner (implausibly made up with dark hair and, I swear, dark eyes) and Peter Van Eyck, and the scenes of confrontation between them and Burton are especially fine. In the small part of Control, an elegant nabob of the Intelligence department in London, Cyril Cusack speaks his important lines with the grace and conviction of a member of a race of superior beings somewhere in outer space; I understand that the space is in fact Dublin.

"DOCTOR ZHIVAGO" is a grievous disappointment. One had heard too much, of course, about how expensive a blockbuster it was and about how hard its eminent director, David Lean, had worked to cut it from a total of some thirty-one hours of exposed film to a by no means negligible three hours and seventeen minutes, but even if one had heard *nothing* about the production—if one were simply hoping to see a movie worthy of a cast known to include Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Tom Courtenay, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham—one would still be disappointed, because it turns out that these able actors have been given almost nothing to do except wear costumes and engage in banal small talk. "Doctor Zhivago" is one of the stillest motion pictures of all time, and an occasional bumpy train ride or crudely inserted cavalry charge only points up its essential immobility; off screen the Russian Revolution is shaking the world, but from what is seen on screen one would assume that it was too soon yet to think of chopping down the cherry orchard.

Action, Aristotle said, is character; Robert Bolt, the author of the screenplay of "Doctor Zhivago," has chosen to give us precious little action, and thus, instead of character, characters—

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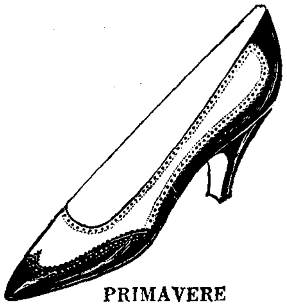

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people whom we are plainly intended to see as embodiments of virtue, wickedness, drollery, and the like, and on whom great or small events impinge, inducing responses that are always of exactly the same size. These characters do not change, for, being characters, they are incapable of change; it is thought wonderful enough that they exist. Their impassiveness often reaches the point of inertness, even in love scenes. One of the many given but not demonstrated postulates of the movie is that Doctor Zhivago and the girl Lara have been swept together by an irresistible tide of passion; not the tiniest ripple of that passion ever reaches the screen. When the lovers are in bed, they lie snuggled against each other in cozy self-solicitude, for all the world like two good little children sleepily awaiting a visit from the sandman. Our hero is a doctor and poet and dreamer, but he does far more dreaming than doctoring or writing. (Once, in the bitter cold of the Russian winter, he goes to an icy desk in an icy room, opens a drawer, takes out a bottle of ink, dips in his pen, and actually writes a poem. The exciting thing about this scene is the ink, which evidently contains antifreeze. Maybe the Russians long ago invented something known as Prestink.) The one affirmative act of his life leads to catastrophe—riding in a streetcar, the now elderly Doctor sees striding along the sidewalk a woman whom he recognizes as his long-lost Lara. He scrambles to his feet, leaps from the car in pursuit of her, suffers a heart attack, and dies. As for Lara, she passes away in the wings, like most of the other characters; we learn the news at second or third hand, the way we learn of the death of the Czar and other items of social chitchat.

It is the screenplay of Pasternak's novel that has led the movie to fail, and I feel nothing but sympathy for the huge, idle cast. Mr. Sharif is always handsome, Miss Christie is always beautiful, and Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Steiger are effective in brutally curtailed snippets of scenes. As for Geraldine Chaplin, who is making her début in this movie, how can one have an intelligent opinion about her? As Zhivago's wife, she smiles prettily and then vanishes. Her next picture is sure to provide a better test of her ability.

—Brendan Gill

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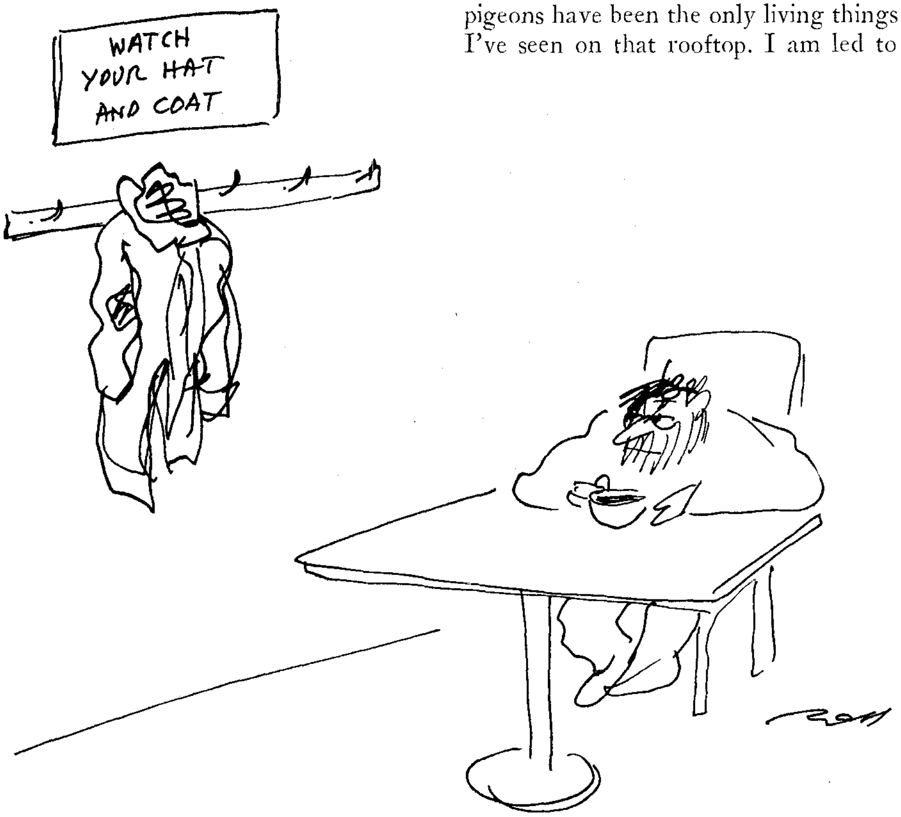
PRINCETON POND

FOR many years now—much longer than one of my idols, Henry David Thoreau, lived in comparative seclusion beside Walden Pond—I have lived alone on the top floor of the venerable Hotel Mansfield, on West Forty-fourth Street near Fifth Avenue, and worked at my writing alone in an office building fifty yards from the hotel. I have had a life full of much conviviality, solitude, frustration, and contentment. And lately I have had a pond for a neighbor. It is visible both from my living quarters and from my working quarters. It is on the roof of the Princeton Club, a relatively new and not very tall structure on Forty-third Street.

According to my calculations, my pond is, when at its highest level, after a good rainfall, some twenty-five feet from one side to the other, is circular in shape (although somewhat irregular along its shoreline, which lends it both character and beauty), and covers an area of approximately four hundred and fifty square feet. Unless I am mistaken—and I am a studious observer of all that can be seen from the windows of my living quarters and my working quarters—Princeton Pond, as I have named it, came into being only this past autumn, for surely I would have been aware of it during previous rainy seasons and would, indeed, have learned whether or not it freezes over in wintertime, since, at my working quarters, I spend a great amount of time gazing out of the two windows that face east, below which Princeton Pond may be seen, and out of the one window that faces north, toward Rockefeller Center. In the latter direction, no ponds are to be discerned on any of the roofs below me, although I know not if there be a pond atop the Radio Corporation of America building, which is many stories higher than my places of abode and labor. In fact, I am aware of no ponds except Princeton Pond any nearer than those in Central Park, far to the north beyond Fifty-ninth Street, and for that reason, among others, I hope to interest my readers in midtown Manhattan in Princeton Pond and in the varied observations I have made of it by day and by night.

THE roof of the Princeton Club is flat and seems to be composed of a gravelly substance of some sort, which, except for the space covered by Princeton Pond, appears to absorb the rainfall from the heavens and the dew that comes by night. Princeton Pond is not constant, like most other ponds, but disappears, even after the heaviest of rainstorms, in a few days' time, either from evaporation by the sun's rays or by absorption by the roof itself, to reappear only when rain has come again. On a day after a good rainfall, Princeton Pond has many of the attractions of other ponds; that is to say, it ripples prettily when there is a breeze, reflects the shapes of the taller buildings around it and the airplanes that fly above it, shimmers handsomely when the sun is at its zenith, and darkens under passing clouds. It is not a deep pond at any time, but who am I—and who is anybody?—to say that a pond, especially a city pond many feet above the surface of the ground, should be deep? Among the scurrying crowds of quietly desperate men, women, and children whom I observe from my windows both by day and by night there would be those, no doubt, who, if I invited them to come to my home or to my office for a look at Princeton Pond, might be inclined to call it a puddle rather than a pond, but such persons I purposefully avoid. And, in fact—since one never can be entirely sure of the sensitivity even of one's closest friends and acquaintances—I have invited no living person to share with me Princeton Pond's delights from my windows. No human beings except maids and bellboys, plumbers and electricians, and an occasional physician, ever visit my living quarters, for the reason that I do not consider those rooms large enough for entertaining in. When I find it necessary or pleasurable to entertain friends, either old or new, I make use of one of my two clubs, which, like my home and my office, are situated close by Forty-fourth Street, but from the windows of which Princeton Pond is not visible. As for the denizens of the firm for which I labor, I mostly discourage visits to my private workshop, and, in fact, frequently make use of a cardboard sign, purloined from my hotel, which, hung on the knob outside my door, says bleakly, "DO NOT DISTURB."

Knowing that Princeton Pond was shallow, but not *how* shallow, I managed to visit the club's roof one day, wearing overshoes, after one of the heaviest rainfalls of the past autumn, and, with an ordinary wooden ruler that is part of my office equipment, was able to determine that in the pond's center it was then precisely three and one-fifth inches deep. I was also able to observe that no wildlife or plant life visible to the naked eye existed in or around the pond. The pond comes and goes too rapidly for that sort of thing. On another morning, however, I caught sight of two pigeons alighting on the dry part of the roof. With every indication of confidence, they drank from the pond and afterward bathed in it. This event caused me to arise very early on several subsequent mornings in the hope of sighting a wild duck, or a flock of them, making similar use of Princeton Pond, but so far the two pigeons have been the only living things I've seen on that rooftop. I am led to



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Pigskins and Parades
Football games featuring top teams and the traditional pre-game spectacles will be telecast on January 1, 2, 8 and 15.

Discovery
Discovery Goes to Israel; Discovery Goes to Kenya; The Vanishing Jungle; The World of Galileo; Discovery Goes to Greece. Sundays, January 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions '66
Thoreau at Walden Pond; The Vatican, Part 1 and Part 2; American Indian; For Want of a Catapult. Sundays, January 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-1:30 PM)

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New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert: A Birthday Tribute to Shostakovich. Wednesday, January 5 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World of the Teenager
A candid, revealing view of teenagers and their complex problems, with Frank McGee. Sunday, January 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Wizard of Oz
Stars Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger and Bert Lahr. Host: Danny Kaye. Sunday, January 9 (7-9 PM)

The Search for Ulysses
Retraces the legendary journey of the Odyssey. James Mason narrates Lawrence Durrell's script. Tuesday, January 11 (10-11 PM)

The National Health Test
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Mary Martin flies into the hearts of young and old in Sir James M. Barrie's classic tale. Friday, January 21 (7:30-9:30 PM)

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Meet the Press
A global press conference via Early Bird Satellite. Sunday, January 23 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Testing: Is Anybody Honest?
Home-viewers are tested and see how personality, aptitude and I.Q. tests work. Sunday, January 23 (10-11 PM)

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"This Proud Land" explores Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. Wednesday, January 26 (9-10 PM)

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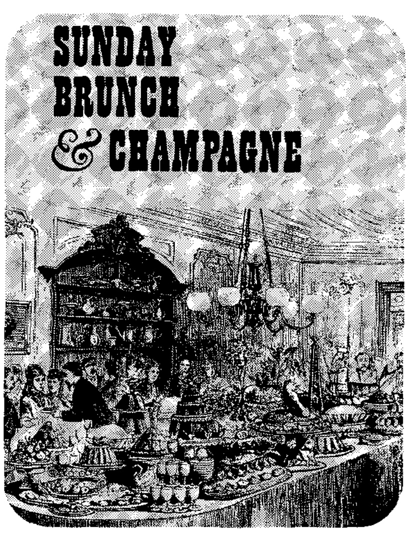

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believe by simple logic that they are the same two pigeons, but I am baffled by the fact that other pigeons do not make the same use of Princeton Pond.

Pigeons, I have often observed in my strolls along Forty-fourth Street, are dedicated imitators; when one flies up from the street, all the others follow, and when one descends, so do all. It therefore mystifies me why other pigeons do not follow the example of the two of which I speak. Where else, in my part of Manhattan, can pigeons get a drink of water and a bath? I can only presume that the other pigeons in this area fly laboriously all the way up to Central Park for these necessities. But I shall not dwell long on this subject, for I heartily agree with the late James Thurber, who was convinced that pigeons are dull birds. When, many years ago, Gertrude Stein wrote something about "Pigeons on the grass, alas," Mr. Thurber publicly contended that there was nothing alas or anything else about pigeons, that they aroused no emotion whatever, of any sort, at least not in him, and that if one day a pigeon should enter his room at another Forty-fourth Street hotel—the Algonquin—with a sword under its wing, and announce that the birds were now in charge, he would simply laugh at the pigeon, whereas he would believe and accept the same statement if it were made by any other bird, even a common English sparrow. I would be most happy and diverted to see some sparrows, or any other birds besides this same pair of pigeons, fluttering and hopping around Princeton Pond, but so far, I regret to say, I have seen none. So much for pigeons and their relation to Princeton Pond.

MEANWHILE, I have made further observations of Princeton Pond, and not only from the windows of my dwelling and my office but also from the windows of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, which gave me a sight of it from a much greater altitude than had hitherto been afforded me; and by making the same request of the managements of two other tall buildings overlooking Forty-third Street—that I wished to look at a pond of water on the Princeton Club's roof—I have seen it from the south and from the east as well as from the north and west; and, with the kind permission of the management of a building on the far side of Fifth Avenue, I have observed it from a considerable distance, both with the naked eye and with my opera glasses, the latter a relic of my past. Thus, I have sighted Princeton Pond from every possible angle, at all times of the day and night and in all weathers, except that I have yet to observe what happens to it when snow begins to fall in the wintertime, and when small bodies of water freeze into solid ice. I am looking forward especially to the latter circumstance, although I am well aware that it will require certain weather conditions—i.e., there must be a good rainfall followed quickly by freezing temperatures while the water still lies in Princeton Pond.

It happens that I have several friends who belong to the Princeton Club, and that, had I chosen to go to college in my youth, it is to Princeton that I would have gone. My friends, while anxious to accommodate me in my desire to become a member of the Princeton Club, in order to have free and easy and frequent access to its roof, have told me that it is extremely doubtful whether its membership committee would accept me simply on the ground that it was once my intention to attend that university before I dropped out of high school. One of these friends, however—a medical man who enjoys accomplishing difficult tasks—is pulling strings to obtain for me some sort of honorary degree from his alma mater, it being his opinion that if I possessed such a degree I could become a member in good standing in short order. Whether this ever happens or no, I have plans for improving Princeton Pond by persuading my friends in the club to persuade the appropriate committee to place some potted plants and even some small potted trees around the shoreline of the pond next spring, to make it look more like a pond and less like a puddle, and perhaps cause it to attract more birds. That roof could be made into a most attractive place should the members of the club choose to follow some, if not all, of my suggestions. It is enclosed by a wall about two and a half feet high, and with some tastefully selected wicker or bamboo chairs and settees—or with furniture of wrought iron—and with the occasional appearances of Princeton Pond and the permanent vegetation already mentioned, many members, I feel confident, would find much joy in sitting up there in the sun, or under the shade of the sort of umbrellas used on sea beaches, and observing and listening to the sights and sounds in the street down below without actually being involved in them. Such projects, I realize, take much time and much perseverance, but the doctor and my other friends in the

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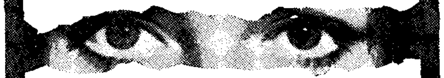
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club are talking the matter over with other members, at the same time that the doctor pursues his goal of getting me the honorary degree. I look forward to the spring and summer that will follow the approaching winter, and, during the coming winter itself, I envisage the day when Princeton Pond freezes over so that, with ice skates, rather than overshoes, and with the coöperation of my friends and a warm scarf around my neck, I can enjoy a few whirls and curlicues—dancing, as it were, on the surface of the body of water that has given me so much pleasure these past weeks.

I HAVE seen Princeton Pond, as I have said, from all angles and at all hours of the night and the day, but I believe my most cherished memory of it so far is my observation of it during the great electrical failure of this past November. I was, luckily, snug in my living quarters when that phenomenon occurred, secure in my possession of dozens of partially used paper book matches, and with Metrecal and Saltines in my icebox, and with the telephone in good working order; and, as the power failure continued, I was able to see Princeton Pond by starlight, and then, a little later, by the light of the almost full moon. Aware as I am of the discomforts and terrors suffered by many of my fellow-townsmen on that night, I must confess that as far as I was myself concerned the power failure was a success. Enough light came into my living quarters, which have a skylight as well as ordinary windows, to make the rooms at no time totally dark, and the telephone enabled me to ascertain from the Mansfield's management that although a number of residents had chosen to sleep in the lobby rather than climb the stairs, the entire populace of the place was taking the power failure in good stride, and I was also able to communicate with a number of friends. At one moment, there came a gentle knock on my door, and when I opened it a voice, a feminine voice, said, "I'm one of your next-door neighbors, and I just wondered if you happen to have anything to eat in your apartment—anything at all." I pressed crackers and a couple of my nourishing cans of liquid meals upon her and she returned to her own place, seemingly much cheered by this human contact, as, indeed, was I. And down below me there was Princeton Pond, rippled by a slight breeze and demonstrating how, when the glare of the city was removed, it was capable of playing fondly with the reflections of the firmament. —ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

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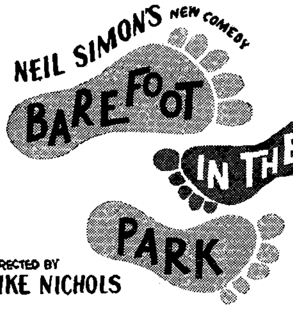

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THE ART GALLERIES

Merry-Go-Round

THERE is one thing about the current Whitney Paintings Annual—you can't say the Museum wasn't trying, and with Abstract Expressionism and Hard-Edge Abstractionism as well as Op and Pop Art competing against one another in the razzle-dazzle, the Museum must certainly have had its hands full sorting things out. The result, though, is a large and spirited showing. A hundred and thirty-eight paintings by as many artists are included, which I believe is above average, and if "spirited" is, on second thought, not quite the word I'm seeking (something more applicable to a circus midway would be more appropriate), it is still a highly varied and—well, let's say "cheerfully gaudy" affair. It is a trifle feverish, too, with so many diverse artistic systems in conflict. But one result, fortunately for the spectator, is that the very breadth of this competition, confusing though it may be at first, does a good deal in the end to help that bemused spectator to make up his mind more clearly than he might have been able to do about the merits and demerits of the various schools. (There are even some works by old-timers like Edward Hopper, Ben Shahn, Joseph Hirsch, and Loren MacIver, as if they counted for anything! Not surprisingly, they do.) In this respect, Pop Art fares the worst—perhaps even worse than it deserves, for its shortcomings are accentuated by this comparison with other works. At a gallery showing, Tom Wesselmann's series of works called "Great American Nude" seem merely heavy-handed in their uniform insistence on such features as the ballooning breasts and carnation-red bulbous nipples of the girls portrayed. The single one in the Whitney, numbered 73, shows him to be at least a diligent worker, but here, though, the deadly superficiality of the work stands out with almost embarrassing clarity, and this is likewise true (to name a couple of other paintings at random) of Jack Stuck's over-large "Pool Series, 8 Feet," with its view of two hairy-ankled feet posed at the edge of a swimming pool and the upper half of a notice, "8 Feet," on the tiled side wall of the pool below (I mention the truncation because I suppose it has something to do with whatever point the picture has), and of James Sullivan's rather less cryptic "Connie's Green Dress."

What strikes me about most of Pop Art is not its repetitiousness, its frequent bad taste, or its garishness. A lot of Monet is repetitious, and Renoir, to judge by the backgrounds of some of his portraits, would have been a resounding failure as an interior decorator. The Fauves were all pretty garish, too, and, anyway, "good taste" is not necessarily an ingredient of great art; the artist, in fact, is better off if he isn't an interior decorator. To my mind, the really deadly thing about Pop Art is its fatal tendency to overemphasize its points, which leads to a haranguing tone, directed principally at trivialities—which, in turn, destroys any possibility of profundity. Here we come up against the question of depth in a work of art, and this, to my old-fashioned mind, boils down to a matter of how many times you can look at a painting or a sculpture and still find new values in it. You can look at a Rembrandt forever. With Pop, usually, it seems to me, once you've seen it you've had it. And once you've seen it seventy-three times . . .

To a certain degree, the same stricture, of lack of depth, applies to Op Art, with this important reservation: that the very orderliness of the style—its geometry, so to speak—imposes limitations that circumvent many of the excesses that appear in Pop. I can't help feeling, though, that here again that question of "good" versus "bad" taste impinges, in a slightly paradoxical way. In other words, what Op's geometrical basis often imposes on it is a kind of arbitrary "good" taste, and the result is to leave it skinned down and emotionally anemic. Here, too, repetitiousness enters in, for insofar as optical illusion is used only as a "gimmick," as it is in many of the pieces on exhibition, there is a fateful analogy with the old picture puzzles that used to delight us when we were children. ("There are seven Indians hiding in the trees, waiting to attack the settlers. Can you find them?") They were fun while they lasted, but once you found the Indians,

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all interest vanished instantly. Yet for all that, so much ingenuity and so much truly imaginative application of the laws of optics, perspective, and color relations have been deployed in many of the pieces that their appeal, mechanical in origin though it may be, seems to me almost inexhaustible. But this is not an invariable fact. Though the appeal of Francis Celentano's "Phalanx," which has the monotony of pattern of a Navajo blanket, without its textural warmth and naïveté, soon wanes, the appeal of Will Insley's "Spring Wall," in spite of its rather rigid checkerboard design, lasts longer, while Richard Anuszkiewicz's "Sol I," with its finely graduated rectangular array of minute, intersecting, varicolored lines, has the winking, quirky attraction of an animated electric sign—an attraction that, even though it calls forth no particular emotional response, should last indefinitely. The same, in my opinion, can be said of Paul Feeley's enigmatic "Alya," of Kenneth Noland's arrowy "Saturday Night," with its clash of diamond-shaped forms, and, above all, of "Six Dimensions of Orange," by Ben Cunningham, which combines Op with Pop and both with some aspects of the hall of mirrors in a funhouse, requires the corner sections of two walls to unfold itself, and gets away with everything admirably.

Rather than go on too long about our two new, controversial schools, I'll simply remark on the odd fact that, for all Pop's obsession with our current aesthetic foibles, it makes almost no comment on our political and moral failings, while Op comes up—in this show, at any rate—with only one example: Robert Indiana's "Alabama," a rather solemn satirical sketch for a new state seal. The other thing I wish to note is that there is a dangerous amount of good old-fashioned corn underlying the apparent venturesomeness of both schools—more especially in Pop, where it appears most strikingly in such pieces as Honore Sharrer's would-be shocker called "Leda and the Dwarf," Jennett-Lam's "Waiting III," whose stylized design introduces a cat and an empty chair, and "Away from the Earth," by Frank J. Malina, through which a light shines from behind to emphasize the fact that the spiral and the circle, which are its main features, represent a rocket flight to the moon.

But enough of this categorizing. I think that from now on I shall take things more all-of-a-piece. Indeed, there are so many good paintings in each of the three or four remaining categories at the Whitney that the fairest thing is just to list them. Among the Abstract Expressionists, then, Willem de Kooning stands out, with his "Two Women," one of the most powerful of all the works in that long series of his—closely followed by Paul Burlin's boldly patterned "Made in America," Mark Tobey's intricately interweaving "Pastoral," and, among many others, Kenzo Okada's lovely white-and-gray "Open." Theodoros Stamos leads, I think, among the conventional Abstractionists, with his perfectly proportioned "Low Sun Box," while among the works less easily classifiable I shall cite, again among many others, Jimmy Ernst's cool interior called "A Sudden Silence," Jack Levine's engaging portrait study "Julio," Abraham Rattner's vigorous "Le Boucher," and Paul Jenkins' silky-textured "Phenomena Astral Signal." Josef Albers, who might be called the pop of Op, since he has influenced so many men in that group, has a handsome example of his continuing study of the rectangle in design, called "Green Scent."—Robert M. Coates

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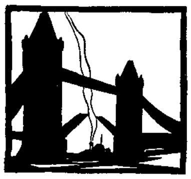
LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 22

FOR years, people have been saying—never louder or clearer, of course, than when the annual seasonal chaos is in full, turgid crawl—that something revolutionary will have to be done soon to ease London's appalling traffic troubles. The problem is before Londoners' eyes every day as they inch through the Christmas jams, or irritably fail to find parking space outside their own front doors, where sneaky commuters leave cars planted from early morning, or just dodge on their own feet among the paralyzed traffic lanes. The frustration this year included several recent evenings when the waves of homegoing cars taking business people out of the center of town met up with other waves bringing family parties in from the suburbs to cruise along Oxford and Regent Streets and admire the illuminated street decorations—a form of good cheer that lots of Scrooges sitting gloomily becalmed at their wheels wish the local merchants who provide it could be induced to abandon in the future. Well, now the Government has finally announced that it proposes to do something, though it has not clearly indicated what. All that is clear so far is that the new measures will aim at sharply deterring private motorists from bringing cars into the center of London at all, and will be highly unpopular, needless to say. Already there have been heated discussions on the subject in the House of Lords and the press and among the various motoring organizations, such as the Automobile Association and its apprehensive members. The principal offender, it seems, is the commuter, who drives himself in daily, generally alone, clogging road and parking space with his extravagant motor. This anti-social fellow, it appears, will find fewer curbs where he can park without a meter, and meters will be costing more anyhow. The rate in Mayfair and other central districts was already bumped up steeply some time ago to four shillings for two hours, which certainly seemed to thin out and humanize the clutter in leafy squares and quiet mews for a while. There is also talk of an expensive supplementary license for drivers who need to come into central London, to be denoted, presumably, by a brightly colored windshield disc. (Spotting it will be another job for the overstretched police.)



Though more and more people seem to be fed up enough to settle for any new idea, however tough, that might improve the worsening situation, it was certainly unfortunate that the Government prefaced its plans for getting motorists out of their cars and into a public bus or an Underground train by announcing that fares on both buses and the Underground will go up next month, the London Transport Board being still in the red. There is also talk of scrapping the good old red double-decker buses and substituting swifter single-deckers, on the New York pattern, with coin-in-the-slot fares instead of the "Ta!" of a conductor; the first experimental half dozen are due to start bowling commuters along, with fewer stops, between Victoria Station and Marble Arch in the spring. Among other suggested ways and means are smaller taxis, the present comfortable model seeming, on the average, to be fully occupied no more often than are the commuters' cars; and parking priced by the yard—special cheaper parking lots for the lively little roller-skate Minis, which the young drive like bombs, and which run rings in traffic around the stately Rollses and Jaguars sitting like stranded mastodons along with the double-deckers.

Any or all of these measures, intelligent ordinary citizens say, would be merely piecemeal palliatives for the failure of successive governments since the war to get to grips with the opportunity to rebuild London as a capital city where the motor vehicle and the human being could both be accommodated. It is just two years since Professor Colin Buchanan's government-commissioned report on traffic and town planning was published and loudly acclaimed as a masterly blueprint for the future, after which all the departments concerned appear to have looked steadfastly in the other direction. Professor Buchanan, appearing the other day on the television program "Panorama," spoke of official vacillations and apathy with obvious bitterness. (His gigantic plan for preserving the elderly, elegant frame of the city of Bath from assassination by traffic has just been presented, incidentally, to the more courageous Bath Corporation. If ways to foot the vast bill are found, the whole delicate operation will be spread over the next thirty years or so. He is reported to have told the Corporation, "There are no quick, cheap answers.")

Another much discussed automobile news item is the seventy-mile-an-hour

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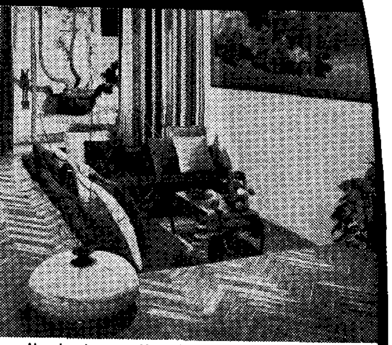

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speed limit on motorways, which starts today, just in time, it is hoped, to cut down the accident figures in the week-end's murderous Christian festival on the roads. It has been hotly criticized by many motorists (generally those who drive fast cars and insist that careless driving at a decorous speed often makes the crashes) and also by the police, who point out that putting "70" warning signs along the highways is simply a useless addition to the already sufficiently littered landscape unless there are enough traffic cops to keep the public's mind on them. And, as an article in the magazine of the Police Federation indignantly asked its readers, "Where are we to get the men to enforce the new limits?"

THE seriously undermanned police force has, indeed, more on its mind at the moment than catching speeding motorists, being in the middle of an unprecedented wave of large-scale robberies and crime of all kinds. In the three weeks that began with the looting of Carrington's, the royal jewellers on Regent Street, nearly a million pounds' worth of sparklers and antique silver has been stolen in London alone by obviously magnificently organized, intelligent, well-informed cracksmen, who are not above taking ideas from the movies (in a big Bloomsbury silver haul the gang cut its way in through the office upstairs, as in the French film "Rififi," and daintily stifled the acutely sensitive alarms connected up with Scotland Yard), and who bother about only the really big jobs (which is making many a nervous possessor of Grandmother's diamond brooch breathe a shade easier). It was mournful national news that some of the splendid jewelled orders presented to the Duke of Wellington were swiped at the beginning of December from the Wellington Museum, in Apsley House—the second attention of the kind paid to the Iron Duke, whose portrait by Goya has not yet been put back on view in the National Gallery, from which, you will remember, it was temporarily removed by an eccentric borrower. Apart from the recent crop of major jewel thefts, the public is being given, as good pre-Christmas reading for all, daily installments of the terrible "Moors Graves" case, so called because it was from the peaty turf of the lonely, austerely beautiful Yorkshire moorlands that the police dug the bodies of two children and a youth said to have been murdered by a young clerk and his typist mistress, who had a taste for reading the

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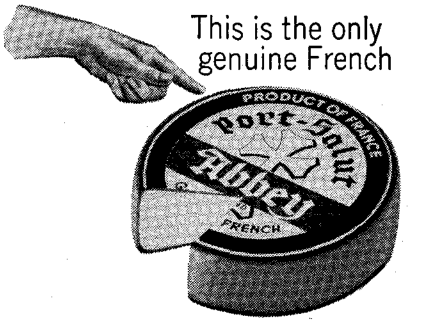

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Marquis de Sade and for having wine-drinking parties in these eerie spots at night. The horrors of the case made the B.B.C. voluntarily decide to cut out any mention of the daily court proceedings from its news bulletins, and the independent television programs did likewise in their earlier spots, when children were supposed to be in the audiences. Seven Labour M.P.s and one Liberal have now entered a motion in the Commons asking the Government to bring in legislation imposing similar reticence on press reporting of sensationally dreadful cases when they are in the preliminary magistrate's-court stage, as this one is (before a woman magistrate, too), so that jurymen sitting on the subsequent trial for murder before a judge will not have had their sense of justice tampered with by inflammatory advance reading. Lots of ordinary citizens would undoubtedly think this a relief, too.

AGNEW'S, in Bond Street, recently lent its galleries for an exhibition of pictures, themselves lent from the collections of fifteen great country houses that are among the many belonging to the National Trust, the vigilant watchdog of architectural and natural possessions. The show was to aid the latest campaign to which the Trust is warningly calling the public's attention while trying to drum up the cash—two million pounds by the end of next year for the rescue operation that it has christened "Enterprise Neptune." The Trust is seeking this time to preserve the still beautiful and unspoiled stretches of the coastline of England, Wales, and Northern Ireland—complete with their rock pools full of sea anemones, their birds and seals and sea pinks—from the attentions of the land speculators and developers, who are exploiting such places so steadily that any returning seal or holidaymaker would often be hard pressed to recognize his old haunts. The Trust says that every year six more miles of shore are covered by a rash of caravan sites and cheap building, in spite of the complicated planning safeguards set up by the local authorities. Now, if the Trust gets its two million, to which the Government is contributing, it proposes to buy up the best scenic pieces of the remaining nine hundred miles of untouched coast as the land comes into the market, and to set up thereon the Trust's familiar plaque, with its little acorn symbol, which will show future generations whose foresight made these cliffs and shores safe for them.

The Agnew show was a small but choice selection of mostly unfamiliar pictures brought from houses all the way across the map, from Devon, at the toe, to Suffolk, in the east. Petworth House, in Sussex, sent some of its fine collection of Turners, and there were two superb Stubbses from Upton House, in Warwickshire, both of them ripe, sleepily golden harvest scenes in which, for once, his delicate little individual portraits of the reaping peasants were more handsome than those of their horses. The whole exhibition was like a sort of family album of life as it was lived, mostly in the eighteenth century, in such moneyed households—its calm faces and landscapes, its sports and stout, ruddy children, with nothing outside intruding, unless it was a wonderful Hogarth of a hugger-mugger of cheerful common people in Covent Garden getting on with life while a rich, ugly old miss minces past unnoticed, with her grinning pageboy shambling behind her.

PARLIAMENT is about to disperse for Christmas, having had its last angry, anxious exchanges on the still unresolved Rhodesian crisis. What sent up temperatures on the Opposition side were the strong rumors that the Prime Minister might decide during the recess to take more forceful action than the lumbering and costly business of oil sanctions against the Smith regime. If so, the Commons would expect to be recalled to hear his explanation. Altogether, it is felt that the new year will be a testing one for Mr. Wilson and his Government both abroad and here at home. Now that Mr. George Brown's voluntary incomes policy asking for restraint in prices and wage demands in order to nurse along the ailing economy has clearly not worked, the Government faces the grim prospect of having to impose restraint by legislation. Trades-unionism was the soil out of which the Labour Party grew and from which it continues to draw its strength, and though a big showdown with the unions would probably not be unpopular with the floating voter, it would be a harsh and awful decision for a Labour Prime Minister to take. The Conservatives are, not unnaturally, recalling that when Labour won the election, one of the strong points on the credit side was said to be that a Labour government would handle trades-union demands more skillfully than a Tory government could. The next few months will surely provide the answer.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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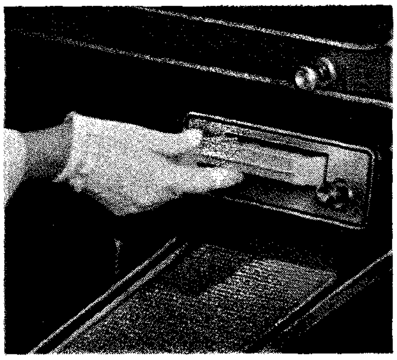

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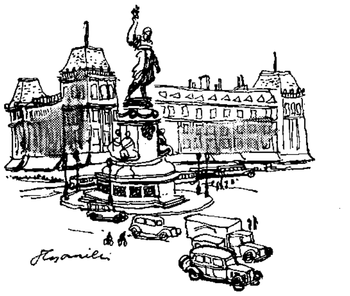
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 22

IN a way—a very definite way—the extraordinary Fifth Republic of General de Gaulle ended when he failed to be reëlected its President two weeks ago, on December 5th. The hiatus cut short the historical continuity, marking the finish of a singular epoch. In the eyes of many of the discerning, the runoff second election last Sunday, which restored him as President of France, was merely the first act of the post-Gaullist period. Things have radically changed in this last fortnight, when de Gaulle's uninterrupted power suddenly declined, like a famous public fountain losing its soaring strength and controlled display. The first election showed that five per cent less than half of the nation's voters had voted for him; the second showed that five per cent more than half of France's voters had, literally on second thought, cast their ballots in his favor—a grudging, middling medium in both cases, little like the flow of emotional extremes of anger and enthusiasm that he had formerly tapped during his seven historic years. The third, and decisive, election will be upon him fifteen months from now—the legislative elections to be held in the spring of 1967 and already the dominant new political topic. It would be more than a miracle of survival if the General's Gaullist Party should again win a majority of the incoming deputies, it being more likely that they will be eaten alive in the power-hungry fray and demolished as a political force. Without his majority, de Gaulle's extended Fifth Republic could not survive, even as a postscript to itself, and it certainly could not carry on with an Assembly inimical to him as chief of state. "With a hostile Assembly in place, a head-on collision between it and General de Gaulle looms up," observed London's *Sunday Times* with longsighted neighborly prophetic candor, adding, "Since the Gaullists' constitution is no better than any South American republic's in providing ways out of the dilemma, the country would be in danger of being ungovernable." This is just where de Gaulle came in as President seven years ago, because France *was* ungovernable. If she perhaps becomes ungovernable again in 1967, the Gaullist circle and cycle can be supposed to have been completed. There can no longer be any curiosity as to who his successor may be, or how he can be dynastically inserted into a republic's Presidential regime. De Gaulle's successor, it is now clear, will be the new and certainly hostile French Parliament fifteen months from now.



Not only de Gaulle's position and entity changed in the past fortnight but also the faces and forces on the public scene—new ones that aided his opening demi-defeat without themselves being victorious, though big winners. In the second-round election, the left-wing candidate François Mitterrand, who at the last held in his hand all the disparate leftist and anti-Gaullist votes—so artificially composed a hand that it was like one made up of greedy, grasping jacks—increased his share of the vote from thirty-two per cent to forty-five, which was better than de Gaulle's rate of gain. Mitterrand received ten and a half million votes—a signal slice of a changed and changing France. The day before the election, *Figaro's* brief front-page editorial peremptorily declared, "We must now envision the future! Starting tomorrow, there must be created in the newly restored calm a great centrist and European political party, competent to bring together in the face of the neo-Fascist Popular Front"—a diametric confusion of terms that only *Figaro*, in its bourgeois terror of anything left of the right, could have thought up—"all the men of good will and reasonableness, no matter to which spiritual family they belong." Young Jean Lecanuet, the popular centrist newcomer in the elections, has already founded his promised Centre Démocratique, which could be a rallying point for pro-Europeans like him and for obstinate believers in the Common Market. Unfortunately, being a tyro, Lecanuet offended many pro-European middle-of-the-road types by urging his followers, when he came in only third in the election, to cast their votes in the runoff election for Mitterrand, who, though certainly pro-European, was also certainly pro-Communist by association. Disobedient and balking at Communism, they gave at least half their votes to the anti-European de Gaulle, which came in very handy. The confusion and lack of doctrinal strictness or hairsplitting among the leftist parties—Communists, Socialists of various sorts, Radicals, and even

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left-wing Demo-Christians, all bundled together in supposed coöperation for the election and thus getting their doctrinal sharp corners chipped off or blunted in their unusual intimacy—constituted another new election feature and a healthy, up-to-date political novelty for France. If France is really going to try to find a vaguely common ground for its multi-party political system to function on after the 1967 elections, some political commentators think it should indeed start planning right now, as *Figaro* advised, and before French politicians forget the habit of enforced stability, almost like a coma, which the citizenry has partly enjoyed in the Fifth Republic. The Paris Bourse rose violently last midweek on the public pollsters' prediction that de Gaulle would surely get in on Sunday, if neither illustriously nor triumphantly.

THIS second electioneering period was even more entertaining than the first, and far more dramatic. Television (aside from de Gaulle's own stately performances over the years) was an absolute political novelty to the French in the campaign, the way President Roosevelt's fireside talks on radio were to us twenty-five years ago, when the whole nation listened, fascinated by the intimacy. But in this second electioneering period the French met on TV a new de Gaulle, who must have been given explicit hints to be more *bonhomme*, or folksy, and who turned out at moments to be a born entertainer (as reports from top circles had always said he was, though until now it was difficult for millions of the French nation to believe it). He talked politics on the screen as confidentially and as maliciously as tycoons talk office gossip, along with all the facts and figures, in a series of interviews with another Gaullist, the young editor of the weekly *Figaro Littéraire*, who asked obviously prearranged questions—in reality, electioneering debates held *in absentia* with Mitterrand, who was interviewed at a later hour by his own specialist. De Gaulle was interviewed at home—that is to say, sitting in a probably priceless eighteenth-century *fauteuil* in a drawing room of the Palais d'Élysée. He was the perfect seated giant, long legs at ease, face alert, eyelids lifting with vision or malice, proboscis flaring as the whole elderly visage was suddenly illuminated with ready opinion and knowledge, the voice breaking with eagerness into the once familiar high *tessitura*, as in the early TV days, before he was professionally coached. He was questioned about, and gave explanations of, nearly all the things that anti-Gaullists consider the sore points of his administration—its high prices, poor telephone service, inadequate schools, discontented farmers (who, he says, will be the first in his Nouvelle République plans for 1966 to receive bigger profit awards). His flow of facts and figures was, as usual, amazing—if not always accurate, his critics said. Above all, he talked about France as if she were some beautiful, superior orphan maiden he was personally protecting against neighbors whom he did not trust. He used neither his abstruse similes nor any classical literary allusions nor his trumpeting official voice; he talked and seemed to think quite simply in the vernacular, and was jocular. The humble people all over France who heard him must have comprehended him completely. To make clear his contempt for the multiple political parties he fights as the disorder of nationalist France, he mentioned "*les partis*" twenty-four times, with increasing vindictiveness, in a single dialogue. He never mentioned Mitterrand by name but declared that this "regime of parties" had its candidate, whom he contemptuously, and oddly, described as "a floating envelope filled with the parties' intrigues and schisms." To describe the ruin that the parties could bring, he likened France to a home where the housewife is distressed that her husband "*s'en aille bambocher de toute part*" ("gets drunk all over town"), that the boys put their feet on the table, and that the girls don't come home at night—all this with a jocularity that set male Paris listeners roaring with laughter and complicity. It was a comparison that *Le Monde* objected to as de Gaulle's "coarse banter." The most popular political cartoon, reprinted all over France and Europe, was by Jacques Faizant and was originally printed in both *Paris-Presse* and *France-Soir* the same afternoon. It showed little Mlle. Marianne, symbol of the Republic, with her suitcase all packed to leave but sitting affectionately on de Gaulle's lap with her arms around his neck and slangily saying, "Well, you see, you dear old booby—why didn't you talk to me like

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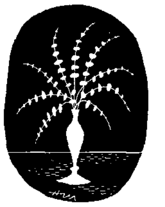
that earlier?" The most quoted portion of his final dialogue he spoke quietly, touchingly: "La Nouvelle République has its President. It is I. Here I am, as I am. I don't say that I am perfect, or that my age is not what it is. I don't claim in any way to know everything or to be able to do everything."

One thing that the much criticized French state TV is going to have to do is to continue to show opposing political figures on its screen as a form of fair play—news coverage that it has never practiced in the past, and for which the French public now has a specific taste.

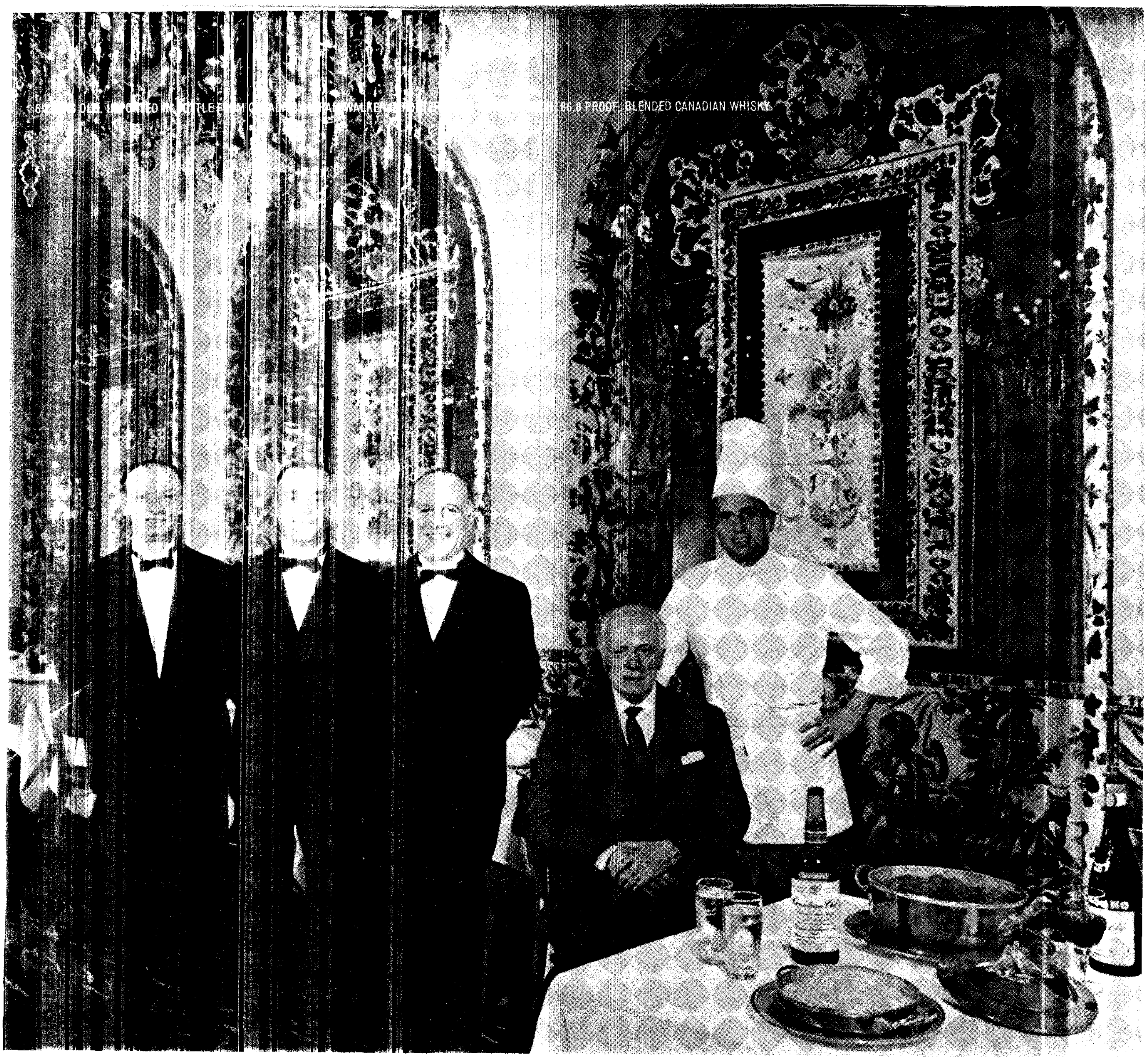


THE biggest single event in the Gaullist campaign was its monster mass meeting last Wednesday at the Palais des Sports, out by the Porte de Versailles, where an audience of six thousand was expected but eight thousand managed to squeeze in. The drawing card was the presence, as the main speaker, of Minister of Cultural Affairs André Malraux, still one of the great public characters of Paris, still magnetic to the young as the former youthful revolutionary in China forty years ago and as a kind of permanent intellectual mandarin. While the crowd was packing itself in, the loudspeakers played, fortissimo, the Beethoven "Coriolanus" Overture, in part; a Saint-Saëns concerto; and then parts of Dvořák's "New World" Symphony—all heating music to the ear, and certainly Malraux's own selections and taste, with his flair for planning public performances. As the hall filled (many of us had arrived an hour early, to be sure to have seats down front), there was also the sound of anti-Gaullist factions outside shouting Mitterrand slogans and clamoring to get in, but the crowds of police on the boulevard and the "gorillas," or plainclothesmen, dealt with them, for no nonsense is allowed inside or out at political meetings, which in France too easily turn into riots. The meeting was officially declared open by old François Mauriac, in his faint voice. Deputy Maurice Schumann made a long, excitable, tiptop speech, which frequently had the eight thousand cheering, though a section of young boys booed until the spotlight was turned on them and the gorillas moved near. Malraux was saluted by an uproar of applause and shouts when he rose to speak, starting, as is his habit, in a sombre, vibrant, theatrical voice, then livening it up to suit his stinging insults and phrases as he apostrophized the absent Mitterrand. "Your left is something you have dreamed up," he jeered scornfully, with the ringing authority of a leftist who had fought in both China and Spain, as his listeners well knew. "You think you create a left when you merely talk about it. It is easier to agree with voters on their notion of paradise than to give them the means of going there. The government that Mitterrand promises is history-fiction, just as there is science-fiction." In conclusion, speaking of the left's constant outcry against de Gaulle's exercise of personal power, Malraux shouted, "It is not a question of personal power but of historical power. It is a question of choosing between a man of history who has taken France in charge, and the like of whom France could not find tomorrow, as against politicians, whom one can find anywhere."

THIS election seemed a remarkably personal event to Parisians. The TV appearances dominated people's conversation. France has little tradition of dialectic affirmation, excelling instead in negation as a base for criticism. As the campaign grew more intense, the Paris papers ran the names of well-known French people and which side they were going to vote for, and sometimes why. Georges Bidault, once de Gaulle's Resistance chief in Occupied France, said he would "vote for the adversary of General de Gaulle," as did Jacques Soustelle, another former Gaullist in exile. Mendès-France asked those who had confidence in him to vote for Mitterrand, as if it were the same thing. Jean Monnet, the father of a United Europe, obviously listed himself as anti-de Gaulle. Also on the Mitterrand side were the mystical poet René Char, the novelist Jean Giono, the theatre director Jean Vilar, the scientist Jean Rostand, and even Jacques Isorni, Pétain's defense lawyer. Françoise Sagan, who chose de Gaulle, and Marguerite Duras, who chose Mitterrand, had a long tape-recorded argument, which was published in the weekly *Match*—rather good political talk, too. The leftist Catholic weekly *Témoignage Chrétien* came out frankly for Mitterrand by saying that de Gaulle's "authoritarian Republic is in the direct tradition of the Bonapartes," though Cardinal Feltin, of Paris, had distinctly stated that the Church was to leave the voting to the citizen's own conscience.

À *tout le monde une bonne année.*

—GENÊT



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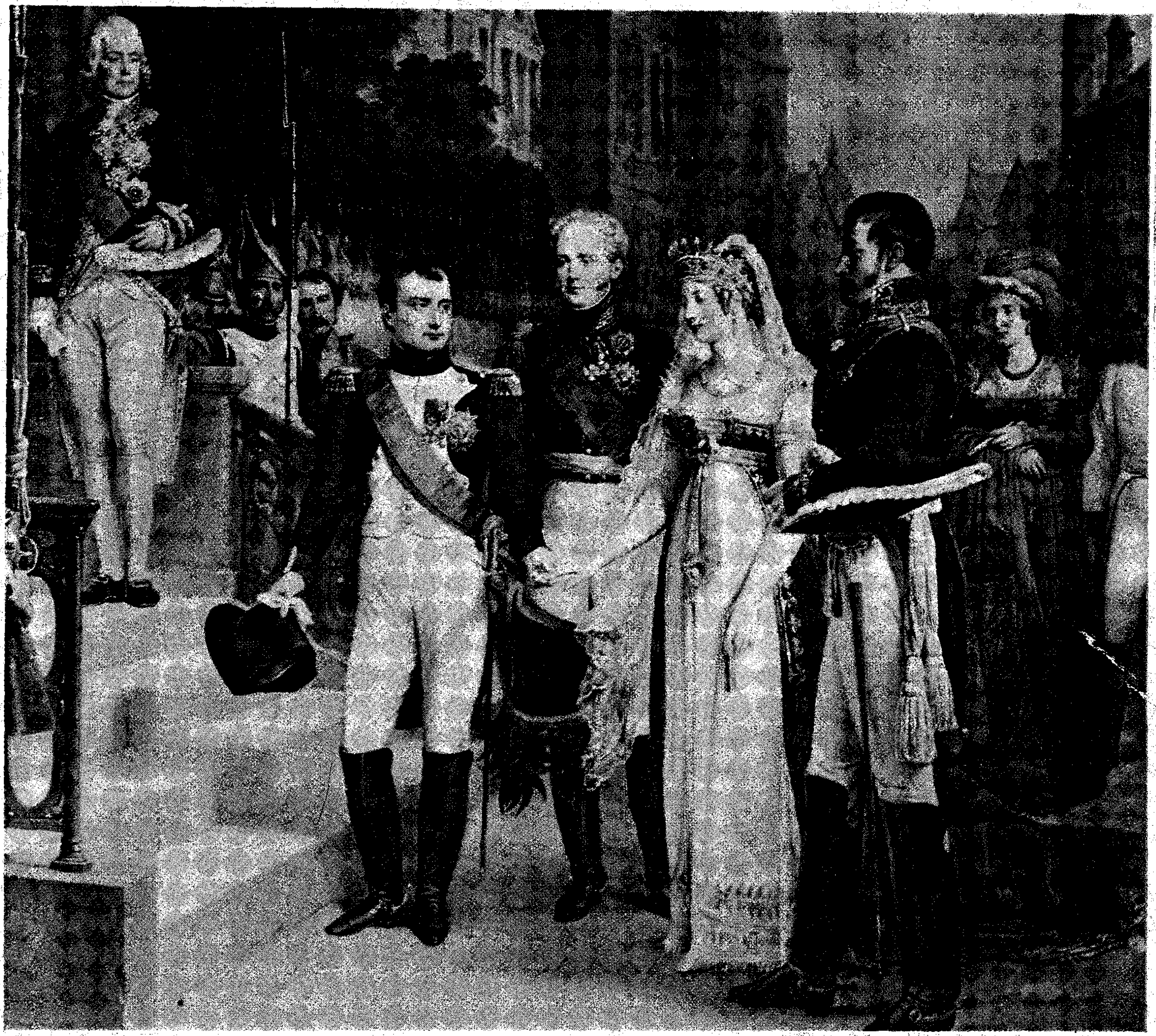

Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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